THE

MONTHLY EPITOME

FOR JUNE, 1804.

LIII. LETTERS *of* WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. *being the third volume of the Life and Writings of* WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. 400 *pages, Quarto*, 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

FROM this valuable work we shall make many extracts, as we did from the former volumes.

Prefixed are desultory remarks on the letters of eminent persons, particularly those of Pope and Cowper. Take a specimen.

"To return to the letters of my friend.—I have so warmly expressed my opinion of their singular excellence, that it is unnecessary to add any words in their praise. The peculiar ease, harmony, and grace of Cowper's epistolary style, must be obvious to every intelligent reader; nor is a comment required to prove, that the universal delight, with which his letters are perused, arises particularly from their displaying

"That lovely sight, a guileless human heart!"

To parody a verse of Young, which it is hardly possible to pronounce, in its original state, without shuddering at the dark and distressful idea it exhibits.

"The Letters of a recluse are naturally full of egotism—but egotism, which may be a disgrace indeed to some compositions, is rather a merit, and a charm in the Letters of persons, whom we love and esteem. Gibbon says happily, on this subject, in writing to his excellent Mother-in-law, —"We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in Letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach, or interruption, but with the highest propriety, and mutual satisfaction."

"The lovers of genius and virtue, must peruse the correspondence of Cowper with the eyes of a friend; and in doing so, they will feel gratified in being enabled to read, what was evidently written for the eyes of friendship alone. They will not think that he talks too much of himself; for what man, so worthy of being intimately known, could be thought to do so, in talking to a friend, without vanity or affectation?

"In preparing the following selection for the press, I have endeavoured to recollect on every doubtful occasion, the feelings of Cowper; and made it a rule to reject, whatever my perfect intimacy with those feelings could lead me to suppose the spirit of the departed Poet might wish me to lay aside, as unfit for publication. I consider an editor as guilty of the basest injury to the dead, who admits into the posthumous volumes of an author, whom he professes to love and admire, any composition, which his own conscience informs him, *that author*, if he could speak from the tomb, would direct him to suppress.

On this principle, I have declined to print some Letters, which entered more than I think the public ought to enter, into the history of a trifling feminine discord, that disturbed the perfect harmony of the happy trio;

Olney, when Lady Auſten and Mrs. Unwin were the united inſpirers of the Poet; yet, as the brief true account which I gave of their ſeparation, has been thought to caſt a ſhade of cenſure on the temper of Mrs. Unwin, which I was far from intending, in juſtice to the memory of that exemplary and ſublime female friend, I will here introduce a paſſage from a Letter of Cowper to the Reverend William Unwin, honourable to both the ladies in queſtion, as it deſcribes them in a moment of generous reconciliation:—

"I incloſe a letter from Lady Auſten, which I beg you to return to me in your next. We are reconciled: ſhe ſeized the firſt opportunity to embrace your Mother with tears of the tendereſt affection, and I, of courſe, am ſatisfied. We were all a little awkward at firſt, but now are as eaſy as ever."

"This Letter happens to have no date, but the expreſſions I have cited from it, are ſufficient to prove, that Mrs. Unwin, inſtead of having ſhewn an envious infirmity of temper on this occaſion, muſt have conducted herſelf with a delicate liberality of mind.

"If in ſelecting Letters of my friend for the preſs, I ſhould alarm the volatile reader by admitting ſeveral of a devotional ſpirit, I will ingenuouſly confeſs my reaſon for imparting them to the public. There is ſuch tender ſimplicity, ſuch attractive ſweetneſs, in theſe ſerious Letters, that I am confident few profeſſed works of devotion can equal their efficacy in awakening and confirming ſincere and ſimple piety, in perſons of various perſuaſions. His Letters and his Poetry will, in this reſpect, alternately extend, and ſtrengthen the influence of each other. He wrote occaſionally to clerical friends of the eſtabliſhed church, and to others among the diſſenters. His heart made no difference between them, for it felt towards both the fraternal ſenſations of true Chriſtianity.

The cordial admirers of the Poet, may exult to reflect, that after peruſing both his deliberate productions, and the caſual effuſions of his pen, they may juſtly ſay of each, what Prior ſaid in verſe to Sherlock, on his practical diſcourſe concerning death—

"Of heavenly manna 'tis a ſecond feaſt,
A nation's food, and all to every taſte."

"In continuing to commend the compoſitions of Cowper, I am perfectly aware, that I have been cenſured as too laviſh in the praiſe of my friend's. My only reply to ſuch cenſure ſhall be to cloſe theſe deſultory remarks on epiſtolary writers, with a brief, and ſweet epiſtle of Pliny, which expreſſes moſt happily all my own feelings on the cenſure, to which I allude. I am gratified in obſerving, that I ſhare the diſcredit, or the honour, ariſing from ſuch a charge, with one of the moſt eſtimable writers of the ancient world, and to juſtify my perſeverance in ſentiments, which no adverſary could induce me to renounce, I have the pleaſure in adopting the very appoſite vindication of an advocate ſo illuſtrious, and ſo amiable.

"*Ais quoſdam apud te reprehendiſſe tanquam amicos meos ex omni occaſione ultra modum laudem. Agnoſco crimen, amplector etiam. Quid enim honeſtius culpâ benignitatis? Qui ſunt tamen iſti, qui amicos meos melius norint? Sed ut norint, quid invident mihi feliciſſimum errorem? Ut enim non ſint tales, quales à me prædicantur, ego tamen beatus quod mihi videntur.—Igitur ad alios hanc ſiniſtram diligentiam conferant: nec ſunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant: mihi nunquam perſuadebunt, ut meos amari à me nimium putem—Vale.*"———Plin. Lib. 7—Epiſt. 28.

"Since theſe Remarks were ſent to the preſs, a young friend, extenſively acquainted with German literature, obligingly ſent me a work of Gellert, which I had never ſeen, and which my friend had kindly tranſlated into Engliſh, that I might peruſe it with the greater rapidity. It is entitled—"A practical Eſſay on good Taſte in Epiſtolary Writing." Its chief purpoſe was, to caution the author's young diſciples againſt the falſe taſte that had prevailed in ſome admired Letter-writers of his own country, but it contains many judicious obſervations, on various authors of univerſal celebrity.

"The number of German treatiſes on Letter-writing (ſays Gellert) is conſiderable, thoſe in Latin, however, are by far the moſt numerous. They have been chiefly compoſed by men of deep erudition, and ſerve to ſhew that the attempt to reduce Letter-writing to a regular art is a fruitleſs undertaking."

"Gellert, after enumerating ſome of theſe unprofitable attempts, proceeds thus,—"The ſhort Letter of Gregory Nazianzen to Nicobulus, on the conciſeneſs, perſpicuity, and elegance of a Letter, is worth more perhaps than many cumbrous treatiſes." This animated eulogy led me to examine the Letter ſo commended, and a very lively paſſage in the end of it pleaſed me particularly. "I will cloſe (ſays Gregory to his correſpondent) by telling you what I heard from a man of judgment, ſpeaking of the eagle—when the birds aſſembled to chuſe a ſovereign, and moſt of them had adorned themſelves with a variety of ornaments, the eagle was allowed to be the moſt beautiful, becauſe he made no pretenſions to beauty." This little fable may ſerve to illuſtrate the ſingular charm that belongs to Cowper, in his epiſtolary character——the language of his Letters, is the eagle of Gregory."

In letter 4th, we have Cowper's opinion on Johnſon's Poets.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Oct. 31, 1779.

"My dear friend,

"I wrote my laſt Letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to ſay, in anſwer to which you have ſaid nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loſer by it. I will endeavour to ſay ſomething now, and ſhall hope for ſomething in return.

"I have been well entertained with Johnſon's Biography, for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a ſwinging one, I think he has acquitted himſelf with his uſual good ſenſe and ſufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the laſt degree. He has belaboured that great Poet's character with the moſt induſtrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the ſhadow of one good quality. Churliſhneſs in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has ſmeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton, that ſome ſourneſs in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough, that if his biographer could have diſcovered more, he would not have ſpared him. As a poet, he has treated him with ſeverity enough, and has plucked one or two of the moſt beautiful feathers out of his Muſe's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has paſſed ſentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occaſion from that charming poem, to expoſe to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childiſh prattlement of paſtoral compoſitions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The livelineſs of the deſcription, the ſweetneſs of the numbers, the claſſical ſpirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was ſtopped by prejudice againſt the harmony of Milton's; was there ever any thing ſo delightful as the muſic of the Paradiſe Loſt? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fulleſt and the deepeſt tones of majeſty, with all the ſoftneſs and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end, and never equalled, unleſs perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to ſay upon this copious theme, but talks ſomething about the unfitneſs of the Engliſh language for blank-verſe, and how apt it is, in the mouth of ſome readers, to degenerate into declamation.

"I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room; our love attends you.

"Your's, affectionately,

"W. C."

Take as very amuſing, Letter XII.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"May 8, 1780.

"My dear friend,

"My ſcribbling humour has of late been entirely abſorbed in the paſſion for landſcape drawing. It is a moſt amuſing art, and, like every other art, requires much practice and attention.

Nil ſine multâ
Vitâ, labore, dedit mortalibus.

Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that ſucceſs may be the reward of induſtry, and that idleneſs may be puniſhed with obſcurity and diſgrace. So long as I am pleaſed with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, becauſe my feelings are all of the intenſe kind; I never received a *little* pleaſure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy conſequences of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation, ſeldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination, that feels the touch of any particular amuſement, twangs under the energy of the preſſure with ſo much vehemence, that it ſoon becomes ſenſible of wearineſs and fatigue. Hence I draw an unfavourable prognoſtic, and expect that I ſhall ſhortly be conſtrained to look out for ſomething elſe. Then perhaps, I may ſtring the harp again, and be able to comply with your demand.

"Now for the viſit you propoſe to pay us, and propoſe *not* to pay us. The hope of which plays upon your paper, like a jack-o-lantern upon the cieling. This is no mean ſimile, for Virgil, you remember, uſes it. 'Tis here, 'tis there, it vaniſhes, it returns, it dazzles you, a cloud interpoſes, and it is gone. However juſt the compariſon, I hope you will contrive to ſpoil it, and that your final determination will be to come. As to the maſons you expect, bring them with you—bring brick, bring mortar, bring every thing that would oppoſe itſelf to your journey—all ſhall be welcome. I have a green-houſe that is too ſmall, come and enlarge it; build me a pinery, repair the garden-wall, that has great need of your aſſiſtance; do any thing; you cannot do too much; ſo far from thinking you, and your train, troubleſome, we ſhall rejoice to ſee you, upon theſe, or upon any other terms you can propoſe. But to be ſerious—you will do well to conſider, that a long ſummer is before you—that the party will not have ſuch another opportunity to meet this great while—that you may finiſh your maſonry long enough before winter, though you ſhould not begin this month, but that you cannot always find your Brother and Sister Powley at Olney. Theſe, and ſome other conſiderations, ſuch as the deſire we have to ſee you, and the pleaſure we expect from ſeeing you all together, may, and, I think, ought to overcome your ſcruples.

From a general recollection of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, I thought, and I remember I told you ſo, that there was a ſtriking reſemblance between that period, and the preſent. But I am now reading, and have read three volumes of Hume's Hiſtory, one of which is engroſſed entirely by that ſubject. There, I ſee reaſon to alter my opinion, and the ſeeming reſemblance has diſappeared, upon a more particular information. Charles ſucceeded to a long train of arbitrary princes, whoſe ſubjects had tamely acquieſced in the deſpotiſm of their maſters, 'till their privileges were all forgot. He did but tread in their ſteps, and exemplify the principles in which he had been brought up, when he oppreſſed his people. But juſt at that time, unhappily for the monarch, the ſubject began to ſee, and to ſee that he had a right to property, and to freedom. This marks a ſufficient difference between the diſputes of that day, and the preſent, But there was another main cauſe of that rebellion, which, at this time, does not operate at all. The king was devoted to the hierarchy, his ſubjects were puritans, and would not bear it. Every circumſtance of eccleſiaſtical order and diſcipline, was an abomination to them, and in his eſteem an indiſpenſible duty, and, though at laſt, he was obliged to give up many things, he would not aboliſh epiſcopacy, and till that were done, his conceſſions could have no conciliating effect. Theſe two concurring cauſes, were indeed ſufficient to ſet three kingdoms in a flame. But they ſubſiſt not now, nor any other, I hope, notwithſtanding the buſtle made by the patriots, equal to the production of ſuch terrible events.

"Your's, my dear friend,

"W. C."

We will give, as diverting, Letter XXIII.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Aug. 6, 1780.

"My dear Friend,

"You like to hear from me—This is a very good reaſon why I ſhould write—But I have nothing to ſay—This ſeems equally a good reaſon why I ſhould not—Yet if you had alighted from your horſe at our door this morn-

ing, and at this preſent writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occaſion to ſay to me—"Mr. Cowper you have not ſpoke ſince I came in, have you reſolved never to ſpeak again?" It would be but a poor reply, if in anſwer to the ſummons, I ſhould plead inability as my beſt and only excuſe. And this by the way, ſuggeſts to me a ſeaſonable piece of inſtruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epiſtolary buſineſs in hand; that a Letter may be written upon any thing or nothing, juſt as that any thing or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not heſitate and doubt whether he ſhall ſet out or not, becauſe he does not readily conceive how he ſhall ever reach the end of it; for he knows, that by the ſimple operation of moving one foot forward firſt, and then the other, he ſhall be ſure to accompliſh it. So it is in the preſent caſe, and ſo it is in every ſimilar caſe. A letter is written as a converſation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progreſs, and reſolving, as a poſtillion does, having once ſet out, never to ſtop 'till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the ſame terms? A grave gentleman of the laſt century, a tie-wig, ſquare-toe, Steinkirk figure, would ſay—"My good ſir, a man has no right to do either." But it is to be hoped, that the preſent century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the laſt, and ſo good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, ſtep into your picture frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the mean time, to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, elſe we might as well be dead as you are.

"When we look back upon our forefathers, we ſeem to look back upon the people of another nation, almoſt upon creatures of another ſpecies. Their vaſt rambling mansions, ſpacious halls, and painted caſements, the gothic porch ſmothered with honeyſuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree ſtatues, are become ſo entirely unfaſhionable now, that we can hardly believe it poſſible, that a people, who reſembled us ſo little in their taſte, ſhould reſemble us in any thing elſe. But in every thing elſe, I ſuppoſe, they were our counterparts exactly, and time, that has ſewed up the ſlaſhed ſleeve, and reduced the large trunk-hoſe to a neat pair of ſilk ſtockings, has left human nature juſt where it found it. The inſide of the man at leaſt, has undergone no change. His paſſions, appetites, and aims, are juſt what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handſomer diſguiſe than they did in days of yore; for philoſophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior, but in every other reſpect a modern is only an antient in a different dreſs.

"Yours, W. C."

Take alſo Letter XXIV.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"Aug. 21, 1780.

"The following occurrence ought not to be paſſed over in ſilence, in a place where ſo few notable ones are to be met with. Laſt Wedneſday night, while we were at ſupper, between the hours of eight and nine, I heard an unuſual noiſe in the back-parlour, as if one of the Hares was entangled, and endeavouring to diſengage herſelf. I was juſt going to riſe from table, when it ceaſed. In about five minutes, a voice on the outſide of the parlour door, enquired if one of my Hares had got away. I immediately ruſhed into the next room, and found that my poor favourite Puſs had made her eſcape. She had gnawed in ſunder the ſtrings of a lattice work, with which I thought I had ſufficiently ſecured the window, and which I preferred to any other ſort of blind, becauſe it admitted plenty of air. From thence I haſtened to the kitchen, where I ſaw the redoubtable Thomas Freeman, who told me, that having ſeen her juſt after ſhe had dropped into the ſtreet, he attempted to cover her with his hat, but ſhe ſcreamed out, and leaped directly over his head. I then deſired him to purſue as faſt as poſſible, and added Richard Coleman to the chaſe, as being nimbler, and carrying leſs weight than Thomas; not expecting to ſee her again, but being deſirous to learn, if poſſible, what be-

came of her. In ſomething leſs than an hour, Richard returned, almoſt breathleſs, with the following account. That ſoon after he began to run, he left Tom behind him, and came in ſight of a moſt numerous hunt, of men, women, children, and dogs; that he did his beſt to keep back the dogs, and preſently out-ſtripped the crowd, ſo that the race was at laſt diſputed between himſelf and Puſs—ſhe ran right through the town, and down the lane that leads to Dropſhort; a little before ſhe came to the houſe, he got the ſtart and turned her, ſhe puſhed for the town again, and ſoon after ſhe entered it, ſought ſhelter in Mr. Wagſtaff's tan-yard, adjoining to old Mr. Drake's; Sturgess's harveſt-men were at ſupper, and ſaw her from the oppoſite ſide of the way. There ſhe encountered the tan-pits full of water, and while ſhe was ſtruggling out of one pit and plunging into another, and almoſt drowned, one of the men drew her out by the ears, and ſecured her. She was then well waſhed in a bucket, to get the lime out of her coat, and brought home in a ſack at ten o'clock.

"This frolic coſt us four ſhillings, but you may believe we did not grudge a farthing of it. The poor creature received only a little hurt in one of her claws, and in one of her ears, and is now almoſt as well as ever.

"I do not call this an anſwer to your Letter, but ſuch as it is I ſend it, preſuming upon that intereſt which I know you take in my minuteſt concerns, which I cannot expreſs better than in the words of Terence, a little varied: *Nihil mei a te alienum putas.*

"Yours, my dear friend,

"W. C."

On Education, take Letters XXVI. XXVII. XXVIII.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Sept. 7, 1780.

"My Dear Friend,

"As many gentlemen as there are in the world, who have children, and heads capable of reflecting on the important ſubject of their education, ſo many opinions there are about it; many of them juſt and ſenſible, though almoſt all differing from each other. With reſpect to the education of boys, I think they are generally made to draw in Latin and Greek trammels too ſoon. It is pleaſing no doubt to a parent, to ſee his child already in ſome ſort a proficient in thoſe languages, at an age when moſt others are entirely ignorant of them; but hence it often happens, that a boy, who could conſtrue a fable of Æſop, at ſix or ſeven years of age, having exhauſted his little ſtock of attention and diligence, in making that notable acquiſition, grows weary of his taſk, conceives a diſlike for ſtudy, and perhaps makes but a very indifferent progreſs afterwards. The mind and body have, in this reſpect, a ſtriking reſemblance of each other. In childhood they are both nimble, but not ſtrong; they can ſkip, and friſk about with wonderful agility, but hard labour ſpoils them both. In maturer years they become leſs active, but more vigorous, more capable of a fixt application, and can make themſelves ſport with that which a little earlier would have affected them with intolerable fatigue. I ſhould recommend it to you, therefore, (but after all you muſt judge for yourſelf) to allot the two next years of little John's ſcholarſhip, to writing and arithmetic, together with which, for variety's ſake, and becauſe it is capable of being formed into an amuſement, I would mingle geography, (a ſcience which if not attended to betimes, is ſeldom made an object of much conſideration;) eſſentially neceſſary to the accompliſhment of a gentleman, yet, (as I know by ſad experience) imperfectly, if at all, inculcated in the ſchools. Lord Spencer's ſon, when he was four years of age, knew the ſituation of every kingdom, country, city, river, and remarkable mountain, in the world. For this attainment, which I ſuppoſe his father had never made, he was indebted to a plaything; having been accuſtomed to amuſe himſelf with thoſe maps which are cut into ſeveral compartments, ſo as to be thrown into a heap of confuſion, that they may be put together again with an exact coincidence of all their angles and bearings, ſo as to form a perfect whole.

"If he begins Latin and Greek at eight, or even at nine years of age, it is ſurely ſoon enough. Seven years, the uſual allowance for thoſe acquiſitions, are more than ſufficient for the purpoſe, eſpecially with his readineſs in learning; for you would hardly

wiſh to have him qualified for the Univerſity before fifteen, a period in my mind, much too early for it, and when he could hardly be truſted there without the utmoſt danger to his morals. Upon the whole, you will perceive that in my judgment, the difficulty, as well as the wiſdom, conſiſts more in bridling in, and keeping back, a boy of his parts, than in puſhing him forward. If, therefore, at the end of the two next years, inſtead of putting a grammar into his hand, you ſhould allow him to amuſe himſelf with ſome agreeable writers upon the ſubject of natural philoſophy, for another year, I think it would anſwer well. There is a book called Coſmotheoria Puerilis, there are Durham's Phyſico, and Aſtrotheology, together with ſeveral others in the ſame manner, very intelligible even to a child, and full of uſeful inſtruction.

"W. C."

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Sept. 17, 1780.

"My Dear Friend,

"You deſire my further thoughts on the ſubject of education. I ſend you ſuch as had for the moſt part occurred to me when I wrote laſt, but could not be compriſed in a ſingle letter. They are indeed on a different branch of this intereſting theme, but not leſs important than the former.

"I think it your happineſs, and wiſh you to think it ſo yourſelf, that you are in every reſpect qualified for the taſk of inſtructing your ſon, and preparing him for the Univerſity, without committing him to the care of a ſtranger. In my judgment, a domeſtic education deſerves the preference to a public one, on an hundred accounts, which I have neither time nor room to mention. I ſhall only touch upon two or three that I cannot but conſider as having a right to your moſt earneſt attention.

"In a public ſchool, or indeed in any ſchool, his morals are ſure to be but little attended to, and his religion not at all. If he can catch the love of virtue from the fine things that are ſpoken of it in the claſſics, and the love of holineſs from the cuſtomary attendance upon ſuch preaching as he is likely to hear, it will be well; but I am ſure you have had too many opportunities to obſerve the inefficacy of ſuch means, to expect any ſuch advantage from them. In the mean time, the more powerful influence of bad example, and perhaps bad company, will continually counterwork theſe only preſervatives he can meet with, and may poſſibly ſend him home to you, at the end of five or ſix years, ſuch as you will be ſorry to ſee him. You eſcaped indeed the contagion yourſelf, but a few inſtances of happy exemption from a general malady, are not ſufficient warrant to conclude, that it is therefore not infectious, or may be encountered without danger.

"You have ſeen too much of the world, and are a man of too much reflection, not to have obſerved, that in proportion as the ſons of a family approach to years of maturity, they loſe a ſenſe of obligation to their parents, and ſeem at laſt almoſt diveſted of that tender affection, which the neareſt of all relations ſeems to demand from them. I have often obſerved it myſelf, and have always thought I could ſufficiently account for it, without laying all the blame upon the children. While they continue in their parents' houſe, they are every day obliged, and every day reminded how much it is their intereſt, as well as duty, to be obliging and affectionate in return. But at eight or nine years of age, the boy goes to ſchool. From that moment he becomes a ſtranger in his father's houſe. The courſe of parental kindneſs is interrupted. The ſmiles of his mother, thoſe tender admonitions, and the ſolicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes—year after year he feels himſelf more and more detached from them, 'till at laſt he is ſo effectually weaned from the connection, as to find himſelf happier any where than in their company.

"I ſhould have been glad of a frank for this letter, for I have ſaid but little of what I could ſay upon the ſubject, and perhaps I may not be able to catch it by the end again. If I can, I ſhall add to it hereafter.

"Yours, W. C."

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Oct. 5, 1780.

"My Dear Friend,

"Now for the ſequel—You have anticipated one of my arguments in favour of a private education, therefore I need ſay but little about it. The folly of ſuppoſing, that the mother-tongue, in ſome reſpects the moſt

difficult of all tongues, may be acquired without a teacher, is predominant in all the public ſchools that I have ever heard of. To pronounce it well, to ſpeak and to write it with fluency and elegance, are no eaſy attainments; not one in fifty of thoſe who paſs through Weſtminſter and Eton, arrive at any remarkable proficiency in theſe accompliſhments; and they that do, are more indebted to their own ſtudy and application for it, than to any inſtruction received there. In general, there is nothing ſo pedantic as the ſtile of a ſchool-boy, if he aims at any ſtile at all, and if he does not, he is of courſe inelegant, and perhaps ungrammatical. A defect no doubt, in great meaſure, owing to want of cultivation, for the ſame lad that is often commended for his Latin, frequently would deserve to be whipped for his Engliſh, if the fault were not more his maſter's than his own. I know not where this evil is ſo likely to be prevented as at home—ſuppoſing always, nevertheleſs, (which is the caſe in your inſtance) that the boy's parents, and their acquaintance, are perſons of elegance and taste themſelves. For to converſe with thoſe who converſe with propriety, and to be directed to ſuch authors, as have refined and improved the language by their productions, are advantages which he cannot elſewhere enjoy in an equal degree. And though it requires ſome time to regulate the taſte, and fix the judgment, and theſe effects muſt be gradually wrought even upon the beſt underſtanding, yet I ſuppoſe, much leſs time will be neceſſary for the purpoſe, than could at firſt be imagined, becauſe the opportunities of improvement are continual.

"A public education is often recommended as the moſt effectual remedy for that baſhful, and awkward reſtraint, ſo epidemical among the youth of our country. But I verily believe, that, inſtead of being a cure, it is often the cauſe of it. For ſeven or eight years of his life, the boy has hardly ſeen or converſed with a man, or a woman, except the maids at his boarding houſe. A gentleman, or a lady, are conſequently ſuch novelties to him, that he is perfectly at a loſs to know what ſort of behaviour he ſhould preſerve before them. He plays with his buttons, or the ſtrings of his hat, he blows his noſe, and hangs down his head, is conſcious of his own deficiency to a degree, that makes him quite unhappy, and trembles leſt any one ſhould ſpeak to him, becauſe that would quite overwhelm him. Is not all this miſerable ſhyneſs the effect of his education? To me it appears to be ſo. If he ſaw good company every day, he would never be terrified at the ſight of it, and a room full of ladies and gentlemen, would alarm him no more than the chairs they ſit on. Such is the effect of cuſtom.

"I need add nothing further on this ſubject, becauſe I believe little John is as likely to be exempted from this weakneſs as moſt young gentlemen we ſhall meet with. He ſeems to have his father's ſpirit in this reſpect, in whom I could never diſcern the leaſt trace of baſhfulneſs, though I have often heard him complain of it. Under your management, and the influence of your example, I think he can hardly fail to eſcape it. If he does, he eſcapes that which has made many a man uncomfortable for life; and ruined not a few: by forcing them into mean, and diſhonourable company, where only they could be free and cheerful.

"Connections formed at ſchool, are ſaid to be laſting, and often beneficial. There are two or three ſtories of this kind upon record, which would not be ſo conſtantly cited as they are, whenever this ſubject happens to be mentioned, if the chronicle that preſerves their remembrance, had many beſides to boaſt of. For my own part, I found ſuch friendſhips, though warm enough in their commencement, ſurpriſingly liable to extinction: and of ſeven or eight, whom I had ſelected for intimates, out of about three hundred, in ten years time not one was left me. The truth is, that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another, that looks very like a friendſhip, and while they are in circumſtances that enable them mutually to oblige, and to aſſiſt each other, promiſes well, and bids fair to be laſting. But they are no ſooner ſeparated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connections, and new employments, in which they no longer ſhare together, efface the remembrance of what paſſed in earlier days, and they become

ſtrangers to each other for ever. Add to this, that the *man* frequently differs ſo much from the *boy*, his principles, manners, temper, and conduct, undergo ſo great an alteration, that we no longer recognize in him our old playfellow, but find him utterly unworthy, and unfit for the place he once held in our affections.

"To cloſe this article, as I did the laſt, by applying myſelf immediately to the preſent concern—Little John is happily placed above all occaſion for dependence on all ſuch precarious hopes, and need not be ſent to ſchool in queſt of ſome great men in embryo, who may poſſibly make his fortune.

"Yours, my dear friend,

"W. C."

On the ſubject of his *firſt Volume of Poems*, we meet with Letter XXXVIII

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"June 24, 1781.

"My Dear Friend,

"The Letter you withheld ſo long, leſt it ſhould gave me pain, gave me pleaſure. Horace ſays, the poets are a waſpiſh race; and from my own experience of the temper of two or three, with whom I was formerly connected, I can readily ſubſcribe to the character he gives them. But for my own part, I have never yet felt that exceſſive irritability, which ſome writers diſcover, when a friend, in the words of Pope,

"*Juſt hints a fault, or heſitates diſlike.*"

Leaſt of all would I give way to ſuch an unſeaſonable ebullition, merely becauſe a civil queſtion is propoſed to me, with ſuch gentleneſs, and by a man, whoſe concern for my credit and character, I verily believe to be ſincere. I reply therefore, not previſhly, but with a ſenſe of the kindneſs of your intentions, that I hope you may make yourſelf very eaſy on a ſubject, that I can perceive has occaſioned you ſome ſolicitude. When I wrote the Poem called Truth, it was indiſpenſibly neceſſary that I ſhould ſet forth that doctrine which I know to be true, and that I ſhould paſs what I underſtood to be a juſt cenſure upon opinions and perſuaſions, that differ from or ſtand in direct oppoſition to it; becauſe, though ſome errors may be innocent, and even religious errors are not always pernicious, yet in a caſe, where the faith and hope of a Chriſtian are concerned, they muſt neceſſarily be deſtructive; and becauſe neglecting this, I ſhould have betrayed my ſubject; either ſuppreſſing what, in my judgment, is of the laſt importance, or giving countenance, by a timid ſilence, to the very evils it was my deſign to combat. That you may underſtand me better, I will ſubjoin—that I wrote that Poem on purpoſe to inculcate the eleemoſynary character of the goſpel, as a diſpenſation of mercy, in the moſt abſolute ſenſe of the word, to the excluſion of all claims of merit, on the part of the receiver; conſequently to ſet the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works, and to diſcover, upon ſcriptural ground, the abſurdity of that notion, which includes a ſoleciſm in the very terms of it, that man, by repentance and good-works, may deſerve the mercy of his Maker. I call it a ſoleciſm, becauſe mercy deſerved ceaſes to be mercy, and muſt take the name of juſtice. This is the opinion which I ſaid in my laſt, the world would not acquieſce in, but except this, I do not recollect that I have introduced a ſyllable into any of my pieces that they can poſſibly object to; and even this I have endeavoured to deliver from doctrinal dryneſs, by as many pretty things, in the way of trinket and plaything, as I could muſter upon the ſubject. So that if I have rubbed their gums, I have taken care to do it with a coral, and even the coral embelliſhed by the ribbon to which it is tied, and recommended by the tinkling of all the bells I could contrive to annex to it.

You need not trouble yourſelf to call on Johnſon; being perfectly acquainted with the progreſs of the buſineſs, I am able to ſatisfy your curioſity myſelf: the poſt before the laſt, I returned to him the ſecond ſheet of Table-Talk, which he had ſent me for correction, and which ſtands foremoſt in the volume. The delay has enabled me to add a piece of conſiderable length, which, but for the delay, would not have made its appearance upon this occaſion; it anſwers to the name of Hope.

"I remember a line in the Odyſſey, which literally tranſlated, imports,

hat there is nothing in the world more impudent than the belly. But had Homer met with an inſtance of modeſty like yours, he would either have ſuppreſſed that obſervation, or at leaſt have qualified it with an exception. I hope that, for the future, Mrs. Unwin will never ſuffer you to go to London, without putting ſome victuals in your pocket; for what a ſtrange article would it make in a newſpaper, that a tall, well-dreſſed gentleman, by his appearance a clergyman, and with a purſe of gold in his pocket, was found ſtarved to death in the ſtreet. How would it puzzle conjecture, to account for ſuch a phenomenon! Some would ſuppoſe that you had been kidnapt, like Betty Canning, of hungry memory; others would ſay, the gentleman was a Methodiſt, and had practized a rigorous ſelf-denial, which had unhappily proved too hard for his conſtitution; but I will venture to ſay, that nobody would divine the real cauſe, or ſuſpect for a moment that your modeſty had occaſioned the tragedy in queſtion. By the way, is it not poſſible that the ſpareneſs and ſlenderneſs of your perſon may be owing to the ſame cauſe? for ſurely it is reaſonable to ſuſpect, that the baſhfulneſs which could prevail againſt you on ſo trying an occaſion, may be equally prevalent on others. I remember having been told by Colman, that when he once dined with Garrick he repeatedly preſſed him to eat more of a certain diſh, that he was known to be particularly fond of; Colman as often refuſed, and at laſt declared he could not: But could not you, ſays Garrick, if you was in a dark cloſet by yourſelf? The ſame queſtion might perhaps be put to you, with as much, or more propriety, and therefore I recommend it to you, either to furniſh yourſelf with a little more aſſurance, or always to eat in the dark.

"We ſympathize with Mrs. Unwin, and if it will be any comfort to her to know it, can aſſure her, that a lady in our neighbourhood is always, on ſuch occaſions, the moſt miſerable of all things, and yet eſcapes with great facility, through all the dangers of her ſtate.

"Yours, *ut ſemper*,
"W. C."

We inſert, as playfully amuſing, Letter XL.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"July 12, 1781.

"My very dear Friend,

"I am going to ſend, what, when you have read, you may ſcratch your head, and ſay, I ſuppoſe, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got be verſe or not: by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if it be, did you ever ſee, of late or of yore, ſuch a ditty before?

"I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I cou'd, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer ſhould ſay, "to be ſure, the gentleman's muſe wears Methodiſt ſhoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that ſhe and her bard, have little regard for the taſte and faſhions, and ruling paſſions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though ſhe aſſume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if ſhe can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new conſtruction: She has baited her trap, in hopes to ſnap, all that may come, with a ſugar-plumb." His opinion in this will not be amiſs; 'tis what I intend my principal end, and if I ſucceed, and folks ſhould read, till a few are brought to a ſerious thought, I ſhall think I am paid, for all I have ſaid, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my ſenſe, and, by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

"I have heard of a room, with a floor laid upon ſprings, and ſuch like things, with ſo much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, ſwimming about, now in, and now out, with a deal of ſtate, in a figure of eight, without pipe or ſtring, or any ſuch thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you ſtill, though againſt your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you, are quite worn out, with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you re-

ceive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,

"W. C."

We add one more on the origin of ſociety, Letter XLV.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Nov. 26, 1781.

"My dear friend,

"I wrote to you by the laſt poſt, ſuppoſing you at Stock; but leſt that Letter ſhould not follow you to Laytonſtone, and you ſhould ſuſpect me of unreaſonable delay, and leſt the frank you have ſent me, ſhould degenerate into waſte paper, and periſh upon my hands, I write again. The former Letter, however, containing all my preſent ſtock of intelligence, it is more than poſſible, that this may prove a blank, or but little worthy of your acceptance. You will do me the juſtice to ſuppoſe, that if I could be very entertaining, I would be ſo, becauſe by giving me credit for ſuch a willingneſs to pleaſe, you only allow me a ſhare of that univerſal vanity, which inclines every man, upon all occaſions, to exhibit himſelf to the beſt advantage. To ſay the truth, however, when I write as I do to you, not about buſineſs, nor on any ſubject that approaches to that deſcription, I mean much leſs my correſpondent's amuſement, which my modeſty will not always permit me to hope for, than my own. There is a pleaſure, annexed to the communication of one's ideas, whether by word of mouth, or by letter, which nothing earthly can ſupply the place of, and it is the delight we find in this mutual intercourſe, that not only proves us to be creatures intended for ſocial life, but more than any thing elſe perhaps, fits us for it.——I have no patience with philoſophers—they, one and all, ſuppoſe, (at leaſt I underſtand it to be a prevailing opinion among them) that man's weakneſs, his neceſſities, his inability to ſtand alone, have furniſhed the prevailing motive, under the influence of which, he renounced at firſt a life of ſolitude, and became a gregarious creature. It ſeems to me more reaſonable, as well as more honourable to my ſpecies, to ſuppoſe, that generoſity of ſoul, and a brotherly attachment to our own kind, drew us, as it were, to one common centre, taught us to build cities, and inhabit them, and welcome every ſtranger, that would caſt in his lot amongſt us, that we might enjoy fellowſhip with each other, and the luxury of reciprocal endearments, without which a paradiſe could afford no comfort. There are indeed, all ſorts of characters in the world; there are ſome whoſe underſtandings are ſo ſluggiſh, and whoſe hearts are ſuch mere clods, that they live in ſociety without either contributing to the ſweets of it, or having any reliſh for them—a man of this ſtamp paſſes by our window continually—I never ſaw him converſing with a neighbour but once in my life, though I have known him by ſight theſe twelve years—he is of a very ſturdy make, and has a round belly, extremely protuberant, which he evidently conſiders as his beſt friend, becauſe it is his only companion, and it is the labour of his life to fill it. I can eaſily conceive, that it is merely the love of good eating and drinking, and now and then the want of a new pair of ſhoes, that attaches this man ſo much to the neighbourhood of his fellow-mortals; for ſuppoſe theſe exigencies, and others of a like kind, to ſubſiſt no longer, and what is there that could poſſibly give ſociety the preference in his eſteem? He might ſtrut about with his two thumbs upon his hips in the wilderneſs, he could hardly be more ſilent, than he is at Olney, and for any advantage or comfort, of friendſhip, or brotherly affection, he could not be more deſtitute of ſuch bleſſings there, than in his preſent ſituation. But other men have ſomething more than guts to ſatisfy; there are the yearnings of the heart, which, let philoſophers ſay what they will, are more importunate, than all the neceſſities of the body, that will not ſuffer a creature, worthy to be called human, to be content with an inſulated life, or to look for his friends among the beaſts of the foreſt. Yourſelf for inſtance! It is not becauſe there are no taylors, or paſtry-cooks, to be found upon Saliſbury Plain, that you do not chuſe it for your abode, but becauſe you are a philanthropiſt—becauſe you are ſuſceptible of ſocial impreſſions, and have a pleaſure in doing a kindneſs when you can. Now, upon the word of a poor creature, I have ſaid all that I have ſaid, without the leaſt intention to ſay one word of it when I began. But thus it is with

my thoughts—when you ſhake a crab-tree, the fruit falls; good for nothing indeed when you have got it, but ſtill the beſt that is to be expected from a crab-tree. You are welcome to them, ſuch as they are, and if you approve my ſentiments, tell the philoſophers of the day, that I have outſhot them all, and have diſcovered the true origin of ſociety, when I leaſt looked for it.

" Your's ever,
" W. C."

We muſt extend this intereſting article to another number, and are ſure our readers will thank us for it.

LV. LETTERS FROM FRANCE, IN 1802. *By* HENRY REDHEAD YORKE, ESQ. *Volume Second.*

THE introduction to the account of the muſeum of arts, ſhall be given as curious.

LETTER XXX.

The Central Muſeum of the Arts—Gallery of the Louvre.

" When the French Republic firſt took up arms, they proteſted in the preſence of God and man, that they had renounced every idea of conqueſt, that their triumphs ſhould be thoſe of philoſophy only, and that wherever their victorious ſtandards were ſpread, the liberty and property of nations ſhould be reſpected. They never kept their promiſe, and at the time of making it, they knew it was not their intention to keep it. Their firſt campaigns, like thoſe of the ancient Romans, were directed againſt their warlike neighbours, who, as Florus obſerves, hovered round their frontiers; but when by the ſacrifice of innumerable legions, they ſucceeded in repulſing the veteran troops of the continental powers, they began a career of robbery, pillage, and deſtruction, which has no parallel in the hiſtory of diſciplined nations, or of predatory hordes of barbarians.

" But the conduct of the ancient Romans and the modern French will not bear the teſt of compariſon. The former, after having made themſelves maſters of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, a part of Spain and Africa, preſerved with all this new acceſſion of power, the greateſt purity of manners. Their brilliant fortune had not then deſtroyed their primitive virtue, nor engendered new vices among them. They had contended againſt nations more valiant than wealthy, and whoſe courage had not been ſubdued by corruption; they had fought for their ſafety and the honour of their name, and they would never have conquered the people to whom they gave laws, if their ſuperior virtues had not rendered them worthy to command. The French, on the contrary, opened their conquests with the invention of new vices and follies. After having demoliſhed the monuments of the genius and induſtry of their own countrymen, they went forth to ranſack other countries, and to deſtroy what they could not carry away with them. Whatever had been raiſed or collected by the talents, the piety, or the care of the lovers of ſcience, arts, and literature, became objects of their peculation; *Licentiæque huic ſacra profanaque omnia vulgò ſpoliandi factum eſt* *.

" After the ſecond Punic war, the ancient Roman character gradually melted away, and they became almoſt as great robbers as the French. When once a people have obtained an aſcendancy over other nations, it is extremely difficult to retain them within the limits to which they have arrived, and to prevent their encroachments on their weaker neighbours. They reſemble a river, whoſe banks not being ſufficiently ſtrong to preſerve its waters from flowing within their accuſtomed bed, breaks down every oppoſition, and deſolates the ſurrounding plains. Scarcely had the Romans concluded peace with Carthage, than they ſtretched forth their arms over thoſe fine countries, in which were gathered all the treaſures of the earth, and which nature and art had ornamented as objects of envy to the reſt of the world. In the ſixteen years that followed, they overcame Philip, king of Macedon, Antiochus, king of Syria, the proud and warlike Etolians, and the Galatians, who, though degenerated from their ancient origin, had proved themſelves formidable to the other powers of Aſia †. They not only tranſported to Rome the treaſures and chef-d'œuvres which thoſe kings and nations poſſeſſed, but they alſo impoſed

* Livy, l. 25.

† Livy, l. 33, c. 9, 10. l. 37, c. 43, 44. l. 38. c. 9, 11. 27.

upon them the moſt burthenſome tributes, by which millions paſſed every year into Italy *. The chef-d'œuvres which Marcellus ſent to Rome from Syracuſe, demonſtrated the ſame ſpirit of rapacity and robbery which had began to diſplay itſelf at Tarentum †. But neither during the ten years which elapſed from the capture of Syracuſe to the end of that war; nor even for more than fifty years after, did any individual appropriate to his own uſe, the leaſt maſter piece of Grecian art, or decorate his own with it; on the contrary, they were conſecrated to the gods, and placed in their temples, as objects ſet apart to religion. If in the ſixty following years, the Roman generals and magiſtrates had never made a worſe uſe of thoſe wonders of art, than Marcellus, and other celebrated conquerors, ſo many ſtatues, paintings, and treaſures of gold and ſilver, would never have extorted from Livy, the pointed animadverſions which he made on the ſubject of the temple built by Marcellus. *Quæ (licentia) poſtremò in Romanos deos, templum ipſum primum; quod à Marcello eximie ornatum eſt, vertit. Viſebantur enim ab exteris ad portam Capenam dedicata à Marcello templa, propter excellentia ejus generis ornamenta quorum perexigua pars apparet.*

"The principle on which the robberies of the French have been conducted, is by no means with a view to *preſerve* the arts, but to *aggrandiſe* France by the utter *impoveriſhment* of other countries. Their policy has no other element but to divide in order to conquer, no other end but to arrive at univerſal domination by univerſal confuſion, and no other reſtraint than the dread to which they have reduced all the actions of other governments. Occupied conſtantly on the deſtruction of Europe in detail, they ſuffered ſome ſovereigns to ſlumber on the pillow of a fallacious ſecurity, while they trampled under their feet monarchies and republics. But, if I be not egregiouſly miſtaken in the French character, they will hereafter arm themſelves with the ruins of thoſe ſtates, their wealth, and population, to break in pieces thoſe powers who have viewed with indifference all the bulwarks of their ſafety demoliſhed.

"Every time that I have paſſed along the gallery of the Louvre, all the ſentiments which ariſe from hatred and indignation took poſſeſſion of my mind. Amidſt all the blaze of beauty which arreſts the eye at every point, I have never entered nor left it without diſguſt. I may be accuſed of Vandaliſm by ſycophants and thieves, but I confeſs, I never received one moment's gratification from all the Raphaels, the Titians, and Correggios which I ſaw in it. I could have gazed with tranſport for whole months on theſe exquiſite maſter-pieces in their *proper places*, but I cannot aſſociate together the ideas of beauty and knavery, nor look with pleaſure on productions violently torn from their lawful proprietors.

"Of all the countries which have been undone by French havock, Italy has ſuffered moſt, and its miſeries are leaſt known to the world. The French government have literally exhauſted upon it the fecundity of rapine, cheating, and fury; they have rendered themſelves maſters of its correſpondence, and reſerve to themſelves the privilege of being its periodical hiſtorians. All we know of the exiſtence of that deſolated country, is through the medium of the frequent eruptions of a tyranny without remorſe, of a powerleſs deſpair, and of the accumulation of ſpoil which decorates the public exhibitions of Paris. The contributions of the French were nothing leſs than a general ſack; the encyclopedia of their thefts forms a monument of curioſity.

"The barbarians who formerly overran Italy, deſpiſed theſe works of art, and neglected to take poſſeſſion of them. The fanatical Muſſulman deſtroyed them as monuments of idolatry, but in our times, academicians, poets, orators, philoſophers, members of the National Inſtitute, have croſſed the Alps to ſtrip that country of its talents, to force from it the labours of its children, the moſt ſacred illuſtration of a people, a property which the laws of war had rendered inviolable among civilized nations, until the preſent epoch, wherein a gang of ſavage ſophiſts have replunged Italy into a

* The details of the treaſures amaſſed by their victorious generals are to be found in Pliny, l. 33. c. 11.

† Florus 1, c. 18.

darkneſs, worſe than that which overſpread the middle ages of modern Europe.

"Thoſe who are ignorant of the methods by which a thief has realized an immenſe fortune, may be forgiven for their admiration of his wealth and treaſures; but the man who is acquainted with all the villainous and bloody machinations which have been employed in their accumulation, is inexcuſable when he laviſhes praiſes on objects, of which he knows the thief to be an unjuſt and wrongful poſſeſſor. How then, with the impreſſion of this conſciouſneſs upon my mind, can I coolly fix my eyes on theſe paintings, and repeat the ecſtacies of vulgar adulation beſtowed on France, when I know they do not belong to France, that they are all ſtolen goods, acquired by fraud, injuſtice, and murder? There is not a picture in the gallery brought from foreign parts, which does not preſent an inſcription of theft, and whoſe frame is not inlaid with human blood.

"No ſooner have you entered the gallery than you are preſented with a catalogue of theſe paintings, in which the French do not bluſh to avow their robberies. The facetious raſcals of the National Inſtitute talk and write of their knavery with as much ſang-froid, as they take a pinch of ſnuff. Whenever theſe paintings are mentioned, they are ſtyled, *des Tableaux conquis en Italie, les Tableaux recueillis dans la Lombardie, à Bologne, Cento, Modène, Parme, Plaiſance, Rome, Veniſe, Vérone, Florence et Turin.* One would imagine from this pleaſant way of detailing their thefts, that they were the productions of their own artiſts, reſcued either from obſcurity, or the hands of taſteleſs barbarians, and by no means the genuine and legitimate property of poliſhed communities, a conſiderable part of whoſe celebrity and ſubſiſtance, was derived from the attractions which they held out to the curious and enlightened traveller.

"With this regiſter of pillage in your hand, you are uſhered into the gallery which contains the ſpoils of nations, and you can hardly turn to the notice of a celebrated maſter piece without finding at the bottom of the deſcription, a declaration that it is a ſtolen article. They feel no ſhame, no remorſe, no compunctious viſitings of nature, but they profeſs their infamy, and glory in it. Scarcely a page is to be found without ſome ſuch proclamations of theft as theſe, *Ces deux Tableaux qui ſont pendans, viennent de Plaiſance, où ils ſe voyoient dans la Cathedrale, aux deux côtés du ſanctuaire—Ce tableau eſt tiré de la galerie de Turin—Ce tableau, peint ſur toile, vient de l'égliſe des Récolets d'Anvers—Ce tableau vient du Palais Pitti—Ce tableau, peint ſur toile, vient de la Belgique—Ce tableau, eſt tiré du Palais pontifical de Monte Cavallo à Rome—Ce tableau, vient du Cabinet du ci-devant Roi de Sardaigne, à Turin—Ce tableau, l'un des meilleurs qu'ait produit, Paul Veroneſe, eſt tiré de l'égliſe des religieuſes de St. Zacharia à Veniſe—Ce tableau vient du maître autel d'égliſe de St. Georges, à Verone—Ce tableau eſt tiré de l'égliſe de la Madona del Orto, à Veniſe—Ce précieux et magnifique Tableau, que les artiſtes regardent comme un des chefs-d'œuvres de l'art & la plus belle compoſition de ce grand Peintre.* (Titian's martyrdom of St. Peter) *eſt tiré de l'égliſe de St. Jean and Paul a Veniſe—Ce portrait vient du palais du prince Braſchi, a Rome.*

"There is no end to this catalogue of iniquity; it fills at preſent three volumes, and more are to be added. I queſtion if the Newgate Calendar for the laſt hundred years can preſent altogether an hundredth part of the impudent dexterity in the art of filching, which the rogues of the National Inſtitute preſent us with in theſe three little ſyllabuſes of French inquity.

"Engliſhmen, happily ſhut out from the view of the ſack of the continent, by that ſea which guards our honeſt iſland, have no adequate idea of the ravages of the French, nor of the indignant feelings of the wretched inhabitants of the countries they have plundered. I have ſeveral times viſited the gallery of paintings in company with Italians who, at this very moment, fill the higheſt functions of government in their country, and when, in order to try their temper and feelings, I have purpoſely pointed to different maſter-pieces, and remarked as we paſſed along, *Ce tableau, grâces au genie de la victoire, vient d'une boutique eccleſiaſtique de l'Italie,* I perceived in their countenances a deep and fixed look of unutterable anguiſh

and regret; but it was a look that the artiſts of Italy, whoſe expatriated productions hung around us, could alone delineate. May heaven preſerve our country from experiencing a ſimilar ſtroke of humilation and abaſement. But their honeſt nature will, I truſt, pardon my Britiſh ſternneſs, if on my return home I endeavour to exculpate myſelf, by ſuggeſting the following addenda to thoſe Notices *de Pluſieurs precieux Tableaux recueillis* by the philoſophers of the *Inſtitute, pour multiplier les jouiſſances du public; ce tableau, peint ſur toile, eſt tire de l'autel de l'egliſe Cathedrale de Windſor—ce vitre, vient du college du Roi, a Cambridge—ce tableau, peint par un forgeron de Ghent, eſt tire de la galerie, du ci-devant Roi d'Angleterre a Windſor—ce tableau de Shakſpeare vient de la bibliotheque de l'Univerſite de Cambridge—ce tableau de la mort du General Wolfe eſt tire du cabinet de la ci-devant Reine a Buckingham houſe — cette ſtatue d'Hercule vient du cabinet du Milord Lanſdowne —ce tableau, peint par Clade eſt tire de la collection du Milord Gwydir.*

"The buſineſs will be thus brought home to their own boſoms, and let thoſe who cenſure my indifference, chew the cud.

"Having expreſſed with candour what my ſenſations have ever been when I have viſited the Gallery of Paintings, I now proceed to fulfil the impartial duty of an hiſtorian.

"It will be readily conceived that a gallery filled with rare and beautiful pictures, and extending above a quarter of a mile, is no common object, and muſt impreſs the mind of the ſpectator with its grandeur and magnificence. There is nothing comparable to it in the whole world—the power of language is inadequate to the deſcription of its enchanting and ſublime effect. Above twelve hundred paintings from the Flemiſh, Lombard, Italian, and French ſchools, are ſuſpended from every ſide of the gallery, and fill the whole ſpace from the ceiling nearly to the floor. The commiſſion entruſted with their arrangement and ſuperintendence, have placed the hiſtorical painters in a chronological ſeries, according to the dates of their birth; and the works of every artiſt are claſſed together, with as much preciſion, as the proper diſpoſition of the whole collection will admit. You cannot expect from my confined limit a minute detail, or even a general view of theſe maſter pieces; I muſt therefore refer you to the catalogues, which are ſold for a trifling ſum at the door of the gallery. They are entitled, "*Notice des Tableaux des Ecoles Françaiſe et Flamande, expoſes dans la grande Galerie dont l'ouverture a eu lieu le 18 Germinal an VIII. et des Tableaux des Ecoles de Lombardie & de Bologne, dont l'expoſition a eu lieu le 25 Meſſidor an IX.*" alſo, "*Notice de pluſieurs de precieux tableaux, recueillis à Veniſe, Florence, Turin, et Foligno.*" Theſe catalogues ſerve as indexes to the pictures of the different maſters, all of which are numbered, and contain a ſhort, but very inadequate explanation of them.

Letter the thirty-ſecond is very intereſting.

"LETTER XXXII. *The Muſeum of French Monuments.*

"One of the firſt of thoſe calamities brought upon France by the intemperate zeal of its reformers, was, the decree of the National Aſſembly, by which the property of the clergy was placed at the diſpoſal of the nation. The immediate effects of this haſty and injudicious meaſure, were ſoon perceived by thoſe who were moſt active in procuring its adoption. Broken looſe from the bonds of ſubordination, the people in the efferveſcence of a wanton and licentious ſpirit, miſinterpreted the object of this decree, and proceeded, not only to harraſs their ancient paſtors, but alſo to demoliſh the ſanctuaries of religion, and to diſturb the tranquil aſhes of the dead. It was, however, evident, that monuments and tombs were not included within the law of alienation; hence the National Aſſembly was compelled to acknowledge its precipitate folly, by authorizing the committee which had the management of the alienated property, to take proper meaſures, for the preſervation of thoſe monuments of the arts which had been erected on the domains of the Church. La Rochefoucauld, preſident of that committee, ſelected ſeveral literay men and artiſts, who were to point out what books and monuments were to be ſaved from deſtruction. The Municipality of Paris, being ſpecially charged by the National Aſſembly with the execution of its decree, no-

minated alſo ſeveral literary men and artiſts of approved merit, to aſſiſt thoſe already appointed by the committee of alienation in their operations. Theſe perſons thus embodied, conſtituted a commiſſion, known by the name of the *Commiſſion of Monuments*. Shortly after their formation, the convent *des Petits Auguſtins* was choſen for a depoſitory of the monuments and paintings; that of the Capuchins, in the rue St. Honoré, for books, manuſcripts, &c. While theſe ſalutary plans were in contemplation, Paris was torn by ſtrong convulſions, the monarchy was overthrown, and the dawn of the Republic was uſhered in, amidſt ſhrieks of murder and the noiſe of falling ruins. It became the faſhion to talk of nothing but philoſophy, while its precepts were deſpiſed; and of regeneration, while the demon of havock went his devaſtating rounds. An æra of uproar, confuſion, and fierce fanaticiſm, ſucceeded, and Gothic darkneſs overſpread the whole of France. In thoſe days, when ſcience and learning were perverted to the vileſt purpoſes, when incendiaries and murderers, wearing the maſk of patriots and philanthropiſts, inundated France with blood, and were leiſurely proceeding to embrute the human character, and to overturn every monument of the piety, wiſdom, virtue, and genius of their forefathers; a man of mild and unaſſuming manners, of ſpotleſs purity of principle, public and private, of general and profound knowledge, and of inflexible perſeverance, devoted the labours of his life in collecting together and preſerving from the general wreck, the monuments of his country's glory. Such were the occupations of M. Lenoir, the founder and director of the Muſeum of French Monuments.

"When I figure to myſelf this excellent man, flying in every direction of France, to ſave and to preſerve the precious evidences of its exploits, traverſing the tombs of the dead, ruſhing amidſt crackling flames, and temples crumbling into atoms, to reſcue the penates of his country from the tempeſt by which they were aſſailed, as a friend of human nature, I am loſt ingratitude and admiration. The ſhades of departed kings, heroes, ſtateſmen, of poets, hiſtorians, and philoſophers, muſt hover over the dwelling of ſuch a man, and implore the bleſſings of heaven on his pious cares.

"I aſſure you, both of us conſider it as one of the happieſt events of our lives, that we have been ſo well introduced to M. Lenoir and his Lady. When I am in his company, I fancy the illuſtrious dead are preſent in all their majeſty around him. Grave, ſilent, modeſt, and penſive, his character and manner ſtrongly impreſs you with the idea of an affectionate ſon, who collects with tender care the aſhes of his murdered parent.

"M. Lenoir was for fifteen years the pupil of Doyen, one of the members of the Commiſſion of Monuments already mentioned. He was preſented by the latter to the Municipality of Paris, as a proper perſon to be the Conſervator of the depot of the monuments of the arts, in the rue des Petits Auguſtins, and was accepted by them on the 4th of January, 1791. The violence of anarchy was carried to ſuch a pitch, that the revolution appeared to have been concerted for the ſake of extinguiſhing every veſtige of the arts. Roland, *philoſophe*, the principal miniſter of the new Republic, propoſed that effective meaſures ſhould be taken to ſuppreſs the general rage for deſtruction. The Committee of Public Inſtruction in the National Convention, conſiſting of different diſtinguiſhed artiſts and literary men, for the purpoſe of giving vigour to this project. In a ſhort time, this commiſſion publiſhed a conſiderable number of memoirs, addreſſes, and reports, which arreſted the hands of folly, employed in beating down ſtatues, tearing in pieces the moſt valuable paintings, and deſtroying the fineſt bronzes. "From the abbey of St. Denis, (ſays M. Lenoir,) which the flames ſeemed to have conſumed from the ſummit of the roof to the bottom of the graves, I have ſaved the magnificent mouſolea of Louis XII. of Francois I. of Henri II. of Turenne, &c. Oh ſhame! theſe chefs-d'œuvres of art had already experienced the fury of barbarians. A great part of theſe monuments, which announced the glory of the nation, were mutilated, and their ruins ſcattered in a cemetary, were hidden under the graſs, and covered with moſs. Thus, by a ſyſtem of diſorganization, the thiſtle was ſeen to fill the place of the laurel

and crowned Charlemagne and Dugueſclin. I have collected ſuch of thoſe precious remains as I could reſtore, and already I am able to diſplay thoſe of Francois I. and Louis XII. in all their ſplendor. Happy ſhall I be, if I ſhall ſucceed in making poſterity forget the ravages of ignorance! About this time, the deputy Grégoire publiſhed three reports againſt Vandaliſm: Theſe intereſting works, an immenſe number of which were printed, were forwarded to the departments. This laſt ſtroke, prudently applied, was the means of recovering many valuable objects, and of ſaving the remnants of the monuments in our provinces."

"When we conſider the light which monuments neceſſarily throw upon the chronology and hiſtory of a country, one cannot avoid expreſſing the greateſt ſurprize on being told by M. Lenoir, that he met with multiplied objections from the artiſts againſt his accumulation of the monuments of the middle ages. They conſidered them as of no ſervice to the arts; but M. Lenoir reaſoned like a true philoſopher, when he inſiſted on their importance towards the completion of his ſeries. Perhaps nothing tends more to give juſt and diſtinct notions of any art or ſcience, than the view of its progreſs, and the opportunity of comparing the intervening diſtances between rudeneſs and refinement. This is indiſputably the beſt mode of becoming acquainted with, and of improving the operations of the underſtanding; and, therefore, I cannot aſcribe to any other motive than ignorance, the oppoſition which he experienced upon this ſubject. However, by dint of repeated applications, and by patient and unſhaken perſeverance, he at length ſucceeded in tranſporting them to the muſeum, in which they conſtitute the two firſt ages *.

"After M. Lenoir had advanced conſiderably in his reſearches, the idea took poſſeſſion of his mind, of collecting into one eſtabliſhment all the paintings and ſtatues which had any reference either to the hiſtory of France, or the arts among the French. "Such an impoſing maſs of monuments of all ages, (ſays he,) "made me conceive the idea of forming a particular muſeum, hiſtorical and chronological, in which the ages of French ſculpture might be traced in particular apartments, by giving to each of theſe apartments, the character, and exact appearance of the age it repreſents, and to tranſfer to other inſtitutions thoſe paintings and ſtatues, which had no relation to French art or French hiſtory. I preſented this plan to the Committee of Public Inſtruction, by whom it was favourably received; and the reſult was the adoption of a particular muſeum of French monuments for Paris. Sums of money were aſſigned to me, and I proceeded rapidly in deſpight of the malevolent."

"This muſeum was opened to the public on the 15th Fructidor, year III.; ſince which, the exhibition has been continued uninterrupted, on the 3d and 6th days of each decade, from ten till two o'clock, and on the *decadi*, from ten till four. M. Lenoir, after the moſt aſſiduous reſearches, is now able to diſplay five centuries, and a ſepulchral chamber, containing the tomb of Francois I. which he has completely reſtored. M. Beauvallet,

* I inſert here the letter tranſmitted to M. Lenoir from the Committee of Public Inſtruction of the National Convention, to ſhew their ſenſe of his merit, and the ridiculous affectation which was obſerved at that period in all their private and public tranſactions.

"La commiſſion des arts, voit avec ſatisfaction l'ordre que *tu* as établi dans le dépôt confié à *ta* garde, et les ſoins que *tu* prends pour la conſervation des monumens des arts. Le temoignage que *te* rend le comité doit être pour *toi* la plus flatteuſe récompenſe comme le plus puiſſant mobile pour exciter et augmenter meme, s'il eſt poſſible, *ton* zèle civique, et *ton* activité pour le ſurveillance que *tu* portes aux objets de ſciences et arts confiés à *tes* ſoins.

"Reçois le félicitations du comité avec autant de plaiſir que j'a à *t'en* faire part.

"*Salut* et *Fraternité*,

"MATHIEU, Repréſentant du Peuple, &c.

a ſculptor, has devoted his talents to the reſtoration of ſeveral mutilated monuments, and Lenoir has publiſhed "An Hiſtorical and Chronological Deſcription of the Monuments," which may be obtained at the muſeum for 2 francs 50 centimes. He is alſo occupied in the publication of engravings in octavo, of the monuments he has collected, which will be accompanied by a diſſertation on each monument, together with ſketches of the lives of the perſons repreſented, with details on the art and the artiſts of each epoch. Each volume will conſiſt of forty four engravings, and two hundred and fifty pages of print; five volumes will complete the whole, two of which are on the eve of publication, the reſt will appear annually.

"It is impoſſible for me to go through the multifarious ſubjects contained in this muſeum, embracing the ſepulchral hiſtory of France from the age of Clovis to the preſent time; but I ſhall enumerate ſuch as are moſt worthy of notice, and ſhall ſubjoin ſeveral obſervations of M. Lenoir, on the circumſtances attendant on the digging of the bodies out of the abbey of St. Denis, at which he was preſent, as well as on the conduct of thoſe barbarous Iconoclaſts, whom the revolution encouraged in the arts of deſtruction.

"From the year 1790, M. Lenoir has taken the greateſt pains to collect in his muſeum whatever could give correct notions of ancient cuſtoms, whether of women or men, in their civil and military capacity, according to their rank. This is a very important fact for French and Engliſh artiſts to know, as they may find here models of the coſtume and arms of every age and rank, in a regular ſeries. From Clovis to Philip II. there was very little variation in dress, though the interval comprizes a period of ſeven centuries. It was not until the return of the Cruſaders, that there was any alteration in dreſs.

"After having paſſed the introductory hall, in which are a great number of antiques arranged in chronological order, and the porticoes of the chateau d'Anet *, ornamented with ſculptures by Gougeon, we entered the firſt compartment, containing the monuments of the middle age. In the diſpoſition of every part, there is a manifeſt attention to the order of time, and where any deficiency occurs, care has been taken to ſupply its place with the beſt and moſt correct repreſentations. Thus the tomb of Fredegonda, who procured the murder of her huſband Chilperic, was placed beſide that of the latter, at the church of St. Germain-des-Prés; but the tomb of Chilperic having been deſtroyed by the revolutionary ſavages, M. Lenoir has ſupplied its place in this hall from a drawing which he took of it at the portal of Notre Dame.

"A marble ſarcophagus, containing the bones of Charlemagne, ornamented with a bas-relief of the Weſtern empire, which was erected to the memory of that conqueror at Aix la Chapelle, was ſent from that city by Dewailly, one of the republican commiſſaries, and is now at the Central Muſeum of Arts, whence it is intended to remove it hither, which is the proper depoſitory for it. There are ſome capitals in the Lombard ſtyle, taken from the chapel under ground at St. Denis, which was the burying place of the Bourbons; theſe capitals are as old as the time of Pepin, who is repreſented ſeated on a chair, and holding a ſcepter in his hand; and they give a very clear inſight into the architecture of that period. Here is a buſt of the celebrated Abbé Suger, Miniſter of State, the value of which is conſiderably enhanced, from its having been executed by his contemporaries; alſo the mauſoleum of Hugo, ſixth Abbot of Cluny. In the tomb of Morard, Abbot of St. Germain des Prés, in 990, his ſkeleton was found, extremely well clothed with a robe of ſatin, extending to the feet, appa-

* Voltaire, in his Henriade, chant IX. thus ſings of the caſtle of Anet:

Il voit (*l'Amour*) les murs d'Anet bâtis au bord de l'Eure;
Lui meme en ordonna la ſuperbe ſtructure.
Par ſes adroits mains avec art enlaſſés,
Les chiffres de Dianne y ſont encor tracés;
Sur ſa tombe, en paſſant, les plaiſirs et les grâces
Répandirent les fleurs qui naiſſaient ſur leur traces.

rently of a red colour, a long woollen tunic of a purple brown, ornamented with an embroidery of woollen, on which ſeveral figures were wrought; a kind of ſlippers of a black leather, extremely well tanned, ſerved as ſhoes, but without ſtraps or buckles.

"The Southern gate of the abbey of St. Denis, is a moſt important ſpecimen of the art at the period under our deſcription. The large bas-relief in the middle, repreſents the puniſhment of St. Denis and his companions Ruſticus and Eleutherus. Denis is there deſcribed as the chief perſon of the groupe, and as a prince to whom the temple was dedicated; and what is very remarkable, a ſprig of the vine, laden with grapes, preciſely in the ſame form as the badge of Bacchus, and ſurmounted by a ſmall pine-apple, which the ſculptor has placed at his feet, ſeem to denote, that St. Denis and Bacchus were one and the ſame perſon; and Denis or Dionyſius is the name which the Greeks gave to Bacchus. M. Lenoir ſays, that he cannot anſwer whether the prieſts who then directed the conſtruction of theſe temples, were aware of the reſemblance that exiſted between theſe two perſonages, or whether, by mere tradition, they ordered that to be executed which would characteriſe both of them. But it is certain, that all the ornaments which decorated St. Denis, are no other than the attributes aſcribed to that divinity. The vine, hunting, and tygers, appear in all parts. Bacchus is cut in pieces by the Menades; Denis is put to death in the ſame manner; his head is cut off on Montmartre. Bacchus is placed in a tomb, and his death bewailed by women; the body of Denis is collected by holy women, they weep over his unfortunate remains, and place him in a tomb, over which the abbey is built. Bacchus riſes again; Denis, after having undergone his puniſhment, riſes again, to the great aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, picks up his head, which had been cut off, and walks. This good ſoul Denis, patron of France, ſays Voltaire, is a ſaint after the monkiſh faſhion: he never came into Gaul. See his legend in the *queſtions on the Encyclopedia*; you will there find, that he was at firſt created Biſhop of Athens by St. Paul; that he paid a viſit to the Virgin Mary, to pay his reſpects on the death of her ſon; that he afterwards quitted the biſhoprick of Athens for that of Paris; that he was hanged, and preached with great eloquence from the gibbet while he was ſuſpended; that he took his head between his hands, and kiſſed it on the road as he was going two leagues from Paris to found the abbey in queſtion. On this gate, however, are two tygers' heads, and all the emblematical characters of the worſhip of Bacchus; beſides which, it preſents a chronology of thirty-ſix kings of France.

"On entering the hall, which contains the monuments of the thirteenth century, there are cielings at angles, ſprinkled with ſtars on a blue ground, ſupported by plain poſts rudely decorated. Theſe cielings are terminated by the flowers of thoſe times, three of which repreſented the Evangeliſts, and the others conſiſted of the cabbage and the thiſtle in a variety of forms, which are imitated; ſepulchral lamps are ſuſpended. The doors and the windows, conſtructed with the ruins of a monument of the ſame age, which had been deſtroyed by the Jacobins, and the remains of which Lenoir collected at St. Denis, have been arranged according to the revived taſte of Arabian architecture, by the celebrated Montreau. Over the doors, the following inſcription is placed in Gothic characters, *Etat des Arts dans le treiſième ſiècle.* Three painted glaſs windows, executed in this century, repreſenting moral ſubjects, and taken from the refectory of St. Germain des Pres, ſhed a gloomy light upon the ſpot, and is another imitatation of the times; "a magic by which, (ſays Lenoir,) they kept thoſe in a continual ſtate of feebleneſs whom ſuperſtition had ſtruck with terror; for I have obſerved, that the more we go back towards thoſe ages which reſemble our own, the more the light is ſpread over public monuments, as if the ſight of the ſun ſuited only enlightened men."

"The tombs which Louis IX, erected to his predeceſſors, are cenotaphs only; for it is certain, that before the time of that prince, it was the cuſtom to place the body of a king in a large hollowed ſtone, covered by another plain ſtone; and where there was an inſcription, it was ingraven on the inſide. According to Saint-Foix, the tombs of the kings of the firſt race,

from Clovis, were compoſed merely of a great ſtone, hollowed very deep, and covered by another in ſhape of a vault. On theſe ſtones, neither figures nor epitaphs were to be ſeen, as it was the inſide that was engraven with inſcriptions, and laid out with magnificence. It ſeems they did not begin to place epitaphs on the tombs of their kings until the ſecond race. Charlemagne was buried in a ſitting poſture. His body after being embalmed, was taken down into a cave, and ſeated on a throne of gold; he was clad in the imperial dreſs, ſurmounted with hair-cloth; his *joyeuſe** hung from his waiſt; his head was ornamented with a gold chain, in the ſhape of a diadem; he held a globe of gold in one hand, the other reſted on the New Teſtament, which was placed upon his knees. His gold ſceptre and his ſhield, were hung on the wall oppoſite to him. After the cave had been filled with perfumes, aromatics, and much treaſure, it was ſhut up and ſealed.

"There are ſome very curious monuments in the hall, of the fourteenth century, which may be aſcribed principally to the improvement in the art of deſign, which the artiſts who accompanied Louis IX. to the cruſades brought away with them. A new ſpecies of decoration, and the Arabian taſte, were introduced into architecture. The heavy edifices of the former age, gave way to the more elegant appearances of the moſques, and gildings and brilliant colours embelliſhed the churches. Accordingly, this hall is decorated with the ruins of the *Sainte Chapelle de Paris*, built about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The apoſtles ſculptured in ſtone, of the natural ſize, which ornamented this hall, were taken from the ſame chapel, and are remarkable for their expreſſion and ſimplicity of execution. Their habits give an exact idea of the ſtuffs and embroidery in faſhion at that period, the former of which are not unlike our India ſhawls. The Moſaic that covers the walls, cielings, &c. was formed from materials taken from St. Denis, and which M. Lenoir has adapted and coloured to complete the appearance of the hall. The painted windows in this hall are of the ſame century, and were taken from the Celeſtines, and the Bons-Hommes de Paſſy.

"The fifteenth century, the moſt remarkable in the hiſtory of the French arts, was the period wherein the artiſts began to produce general plans, combined with their details, and to connect the calculations of the mind with a grand and careful execution; thenceforward, the Gothic taſte diſappeared. France was indebted to the example of Raphael in the decorations of the Vatican, for this elegant change in the arts of painting and ſculpture, which its travelling artiſts endeavoured to imitate. But as Paris did not afford many palaces, or ornamented houſes to this century, M. Lenoir went ſeveral times among the monuments left by Cardinal d'Amboiſe who employed in the decoration of his palaces, John Juſte, a ſculptor born at Tours, whom the Cardinal had ſent at his own expence to Rome, for the purpoſe of ſtudying the Arabian ſtyle of Raphael. Hence, the cieling, windows*, and in general the whole embelliſhment of this hall, were compoſed on the type of the tomb of Louis XII., which ſtands in the middle of it, together with materials brought from the chateau de Gaillon, which has lately been demoliſhed, and original copies taken from Chartres, Blois, &c. The pillars, ornamented with Arabic capitals and pedeſtals, which ſupport the gates, are a preſent to M. Lenoir from the Adminiſtrators of the department of Eure and Loir, who, at his requeſt, ordered a portico of the church of Saint-Père, at Chartres, to be demoliſhed, and placed at his diſpoſal. This portico had been ſuperadded in 1509 to the conſtruction of that edifice built by Hilduard, a Benedictine monk, in 1170. Two bas-reliefs in this hall, merit particular attention, eſpecially the one repreſenting God the Father in the midſt of the angels. The ſtyle is ſevere, and the deſign vigourous; it was taken from the cemetery of the Innocents; the other, from the church of St. Geneviève, repreſents the Pentecoſt. The violet and blue ground, the gilded frame-

* The name of his ſword.

* Which were executed in the ſame century.

work, and the carmined legend far and near, are characteriſtical traits of the decorations of this century. The exterior pilaſters towards the cloiſter, are ornamented in the Arabic ſtyle, and with four marble medallions, which M. Lenoir purchaſed from amongſt the ruins of the caſtle of Gaillon. Anne of Brittany is repreſented as Minerva, and Louis XII. as Mars; their helmets are decorated in a very light Arabian taſte. The other two medallions, repreſent Galba and Veſpaſian. In this hall, ſtands a buſt of Joan d'Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, executed by Beauvallet, after an ancient painting, which Lenoir purchaſed to make part of a ſeries of pictures of the moſt celebrated perſonages of France, which he is collecting for this muſeum. The buſt of Joan is placed beſide that of Charles VII. whom ſhe maintained on the throne of France.

"The hall of the ſixteenth century contains a number of very intereſting figures, and its glaſs windows are taken from Ecouen, Vincennes, Anet, and the Temple. The monument erected to the celebrated hiſtorian, Philip de Comines, is an admirable piece of workmanſhip, and reſts on a grand bas-relief, repreſenting St. George and the Dragon. The tomb of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany, executed by Ponce, in white marble, is a ſuperb monument in the Gothic ſtyle; the ſtatues of Louis and Anne repreſent them when dead, and are executed in a very ſcientific manner. The openings which are ſeen in the lower belly of theſe ſtatues, are intended to denote the marks of their having been embalmed. Theſe bodies, which are moſt faithfully expreſſed, are placed on a cenotaph of excellent taſte, and ſurrounded by twelve arcades, ornamented with the moſt refined Arabic gout. In theſe arcades, the twelve apoſtles are placed, and exhibit great taſte in the choice of their attributes. Unfortunately, this fine mauſoleum has ſuffered materially, from the fury of the revolutionary fanatics. Here are alſo the ſtatues of Francis I. of Chancellor l'Hopital; Montaigne; Preſident de Thou, by Barthélemy; Prieur; Diana of Poitiers; Philip Deſportes, the poet of Bon-Port; Jean Gougeon, the celebrated architect and ſculptor; a magnificent monument, erected to the Conſtable, Anne of Condé; the tomb of the Valois, a ſepulchral chapel, in which are laid François I. and his wife Clade.

"Among the monuments of the hall of the ſeventeenth century, are—one erected to the family of the Villeroy; to the celebrated hiſtorian De Thou! the ſtatue of Louis XI.; the celebrated groupe in marble, after the deſigns of Lebrun, forming the mauſoleum of Cardinal Richelieu, the chef-d'œuvre of Girardon, 14 feet long, and 5 feet 9 inches broad. The inſcription bears,

"*Magnum diſputandi argumentum.*"

"This admirable piece of ſculpture, which had been previouſly mutilated by the Anarchiſts, who had forcibly entered the chapel, was afterwards injured by the ſoldiers of the revolutionary army, who bayonetted M. Lenoir for oppoſing their deſtructive intentions. The mark of this wound ſtill remains on his hand. The medallion of the celebrated Deſcartes, placed on a pillar of white marble, has two inſcriptions, the firſt in Latin, by Father Lallemand; the ſecond in French, by Gaſpart Fieubet. Cardinal Mazarin's mauſoleum, executed by Coyzevox, is by ſome perſons preferred to that of Richelieu; it is of white marble, and the Cardinal is repreſented on his knees. An admirable groupe, in white marble, by Girardon, repreſenting Louvois, the French Miniſter, and hiſtory, in the form of a woman, with her eyes bedewed with tears, turned towards him, and pointing to a paſſage in her book, in which his operations in the Palatinate are recorded. I ſhould be glad to know what were the Firſt Conſul's ſenſations when he fixed his eyes on this monument, which I know attracted his attention for a conſiderable time. Benaſco and the deſolated towns of Italy, muſt have ſtood in judgment againſt his guilty conſcience. When he was in the hall of the thirteenth century, he ſaid to M. Lenoir, "Lenoir, vous me tranſportez en Syrie; je ſus très content."

"The fine ſtatue of Louis XIV. on horſeback, by Girardon, which ſtood in the Place Vendôme, being deſtroyed in 1792, here is a bronze model of it, and the original left foot of the ſtatue. M. Lenoir has alſo

erected a monument from the ruins of the one which was on the Place des Victoires. In this ſeventeenth century, are the buſts of all the great men who figured in France.

" The hall of the eighteenth century contains a vaſt number of ſubjects, but there are few remarkable for their ſuperior execution. Here are marble buſts of Louis XVI. and his queen; of Briſſac, who was aſſaſſinated at Verſailles, with the reſt of the priſoners from Orleans; a monument in bas-relief, repreſenting the peace of Luenville, by an artiſt named Foucon; a buſt of Piron, with this inſcription:

" *Ci gît qui ne fut rien,*
" *Pas même academicien.*"

" In the garden belonging to this inſtitution, an elyſium is formed, in which above forty ſtatues are placed, here and there, on a moſſy ground; pines, cypreſſes, and poplars, ſhrowd theſe monuments, and funereal urns placed on the walls, contribute to diffuſe an air of tranquillity and melancholy over the whole. On this ſequeſtered ſpot ſtands the ſepulchral chapel of Abelard and Heloiſe, formed out of the ruins of a chapel in the Abbey of St. Denis, in order to ſhew the ſtyle of architecture adopted in that age. The painted glaſs which fills three ſides of this chapel, is of the ſame antiquity, and taken from the ſame place. In the centre is the tomb of Abelard, which his friend Peter the Venerable had erected. He is repreſented, according to the faſhion of thoſe times, lying down, with his hands joined, and a gentle inclination of the head. The ſtatue of Peter is placed beſide him. The reliefs which ornament the tomb, repreſent the Fathers of the Church. In this tomb, untenanted for ſeven hundred years, the aſhes of the celebrated lovers of the twelfth century are depoſited. The names of Heloiſe and Abelard are engraven alternately on the plinth which ſupports the monument; and one may fancy in the ſilence of this ſolitude, that the ſighs of tenderneſs and love eſcape from the tomb; and a plaintive echo repeats on every ſide: Heloiſe!—Abelard!—Abelard!—Heloiſe!

" The ſtatue of Heloiſe, which is ſeen on the tomb, is the figure of a woman ſculptured in thoſe days, and to which M. Lenoir has applied a maſk of Heloiſe. Abelard died at the priory of St. Marcel de Châlons ſur Saône, on the 21ſt of April, 1142, and was buried there. In the month of November following, Pierre de Cluny cauſed his body to be removed clandeſtinely, and ſent to Heloiſe, at the Paraclete. She placed the coffin of her lover in a chapel which he had conſtructed, and which was called, *Petit Mouſtier*. Heloiſe expired on Sunday the 17th of May, 1163, and her body was depoſited in the coffin of her huſband, agreeably to her own directi ns. In 1497, this coffin, common to them both, was removed from Petit-Mouſtier, and tranſferred into the great church of the monaſtery; but the bones of the two bodies were ſeparated, and two tombs were erected, one on each ſide of the choir. In 1630, Maria de la Rochefoucauld directed them to be placed in the part called *the chapel of the Trinity*. At length, in 1766, Madame Roye de la Rochefoucauld projected a new monument in honour of the two lovers, but which was not erected until after her death, in 1779. This monument was compoſed of the groupe of the Trinity, which had been ſculptured by order of Abelard, and of a baſe on which was inſcribed the following epitaph, ſaid to have been written by Marmontel:

Hîc
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monaſterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et abbatiſſa prima Heloiſſa.
Olim ſtudiis, ingenio, amore, infauſtis
Nuptiis et pœnitentiâ
Nunc æterâ, quod ſperamus, felicitate
Conjuncti
Petrus obiit XX. prima Aprilis anno
1142.
Heloiſſa XXII. Maii 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Roucy Paracleto
abbatiſſa.
1779.

" Much remains yet to be done by M. Lenoir, and the Miniſter of the Interior has promiſed to ſecond his efforts, when the French finances ſhall be in a more flouriſhing ſtate than at preſent. We may form ſome eſtimate of what may be done for this muſeum by what has been already accompliſhed. An immenſe number of valuable monuments, ſtatues, and buſts are ſcattered

over the ſurface of France, which collected into one place, would greatly facilitate the ſtudy of antiquities, and preſerve the gloomy grandeur, the memory of its moſt illuſtrious men. M. Lenoir has affected wonders; without oſtentation or buſtle, he has done more for France than ſhe has yet had the gratitude to acknowledge. Notwithſtanding he is extremely circumſcribed in the ſums allotted to him, being allowed only 1000l. per annum, he is always collecting, and is continually in advance for the benefit of the inſtitution. What a contraſt is there between the uſeful life of this diſintereſted antiquarian, treaſuring up for France every day ſome monument of her ancient glories, and the conduct of that gang of philoſophical thieves belonging to the National Inſtitute, whoſe principal glory is in the miſapplication of their talents, to purpoſes for which unprivileged individuals would ſwing on a gallows!

"I ſhall cloſe this letter with a relation of two curious circumſtances, reſpecting the taking up of bodies of the kings, queens, princes, princeſſes, and celebrated men who had been buried for fifteen hundred years in the abbey of St. Denis; which act of indecency was ordered by a decree of the National Convention, to be executed, for the ſake of extracting the lead that belonged to their tombs. On the 12th of October, 1793, the workmen employed in this prophane purſuit, anxious to behold the remains of a great man, opened the tomb of Turenne, which was the firſt in order. Their aſtoniſhment was very great, when, on opening the coffin, they found Turenne in ſuch a ſtate of preſervation, that neither his body was deformed, nor the features of his countenance altered. When the body was removed to the Garden of Plants, M. Lenoir had an opportunity of ſeeing it, and he ſtates, that it exactly reſembles the pictures and medallions of that great man.

"The body of Henry IV. was alſo in ſuch a ſtate of preſervation, that the features of his face were not altered. It was a dry mummy, had the ſkull ſawed, and in the place of the brain which had been taken out, contained ſome tow ſteeped in a liquor extracted from aromatics, which ſent forth an odour ſo ſtrong, that it was impoſſible to ſupport it. A ſoldier who was preſent, moved by a martial enthuſiaſm, at the inſtant of opening the coffin, threw himſelf on the body, and after a long ſilence of admiration, drew his ſword, cut off a long lock from the beard, which was ſtill freſh, and exclaimed, at the ſame time, in a very energetic manner, "And I, too, am a French ſoldier! Henceforth I will have no other muſtacho." As he placed it on his upper lip, "Now," ſaid he, I am ſure to conquer the enemies of France, and I march to victory." Immediately after he had uttered theſe words, he diſappeared, and was never ſeen again in the town."

The Savage of Aveyron is curiouſly deſcribed.

"Our party proceeded to the top of the building, in order to take a peep at the Savage of Aveyron, When M. P. ***, the gentleman who introduced me to the Abbé Sicard, made the propoſal, I was not aware that he was going to ſhew us any thing human. Accordingly, I followed cloſe at his heels, and after I had entered the room, perceiving only a man, woman, and boy, I enquired for the ſavage. "This is he," ſaid M. P——, pointing to the boy, "kiſs him;" and without waiting for me to recover myſelf, he actually puſhed me on the lad, and in this attitude of kiſſing, was I diſcovered when the ladies entered the apartment, the little ſavage holding me at the ſame time by the arms. I was not a little confuſed at this involuntary fraternal buſs, which I was obliged to make, and it has been ever ſince the ſubject of merriment. However, the ſavage no ſooner ſaw the ladies at the door, (for they did not chooſe to advance far) than he ſprung from me, went to the window, and after looking out a few moments, turned ſuddenly round, and moved (for it could not be called walking) very faſt up and down the room, without ſeeming to pay them the leaſt attention. I had by this time recovered myſelf, and graſped him firmly by the arm; but he took no manner of notice of me; neither did his eyes roll about, as happens with ſome idiots. He had the moſt vacant countenance I ever beheld, and continued to pace along the room. At length, I held him with ſuch ſtrength; that I kept him

ſtationary, with his face turned towards the ladies. Once he gave me an idiot look, and ever after kept his eyes immoveably fixed on them; but when they withdrew, he broke out in a moſt extraordinary manner, ſtamping with both his feet, rolling his body to the right and left like a pendulum, and howling in ſuch a ſtrange tone that I cannot deſcribe it. The firſt two ſyllables of *ululare*, come neareſt to it; or you may, perhaps, form ſome idea of his notes, by repeating in a louder, harſher, and more diſſonant voice, each time, theſe ſyllables, *oulu*, *oulu*, *oulu*, and enunciating the *ou* after the French mode.

"This ſavage phenomenon was found in the foreſts of Aveyron, and here his hiſtory begins and ends. He has not made the leaſt progreſs in knowledge or ſpeech, ſince he has been the aſſociate of human beings, and with the poſſeſſion of all his ſenſes, he has not a common idea. Once he eſcaped from his wardens, and after a long ſearch had been made after him, he was diſcovered perched on the top of a tree. I ſhould conclude, from this circumſtance, that his frequent and eager reſort to the window, muſt ariſe from an intuitive deſire to reviſit his native wilds. Civil ſociety has no charms for him; and nothing has yet been known to attract his attention. Every effort has been made by his keepers and others, without effect, to impreſs him with ſome kind of ſentiment, or to extract ſomething from him. When a fork was put into his hand, and they endeavoured to ſhew him how to uſe it, he is ſaid to have brought the handle to his mouth, and the bit of meat, ſtuck on its extremity, went to his ear. This anecdote created ſome ſuſpicion in my mind of its truth; for in the firſt place, the putting into his hand a fork to eat with, and ſhewing him how to make uſe of it, imply that he was ſuſceptible of inſtruction, and conſequently, was not utterly deſtitute of the faculty of obſerving; ſecondly, unleſs this be admitted, the putting a fork into his hand, would be as dangerous as putting a razor into the paw of a monkey; and laſtly, if my memory fail me not, there is a ſimilar inſtance narrated in the account of Otaheite, given either in Captain Wallace's Voyage round the World, or in Captain Cook's. Rejecting, therefore, this, and many other fabulous reports concerning him, I am fully perſuaded, from what I have been told by the Abbé Sicard, and from what I ſaw, that he is a downright idiot. A great deal has been publiſhed reſpecting this "child of Nature," as he has been fooliſhly nicknamed by the Pariſian wits; and the wretched condition in which he appears, has furniſhed ſeveral philoſophiſts with arguments, with which they have attempted to reaſon away the underſtanding and virtue of mankind. Thus, one or two ſolitary facts occurring in the hiſtory of man, are deemed ſufficient foundations on which to build a theory, whereby the faith and moral principles of civilized nations are to be proſtrated before the ſhrine of Atheiſm. But this is not a juſt mode of reaſoning; and what Dr. Paley has ſaid, reſpecting Peter the Wild Boy of Germany, in his Elements of Moral Philoſophy, may be applied with equal force to this wild boy of France, and conveys at the ſame time, an unanſwerable refutation of ſuch fallacious doctrines.

"The converſations into which I have been led, in conſequence of my viſit to this young ſavage, have been very intereſting, becauſe they were chiefly with avowed Atheiſts, members of the National Inſtitute. It is really aſtoniſhing to what extremities they puſh their ſubtle ſophiſms; and while they affect to diſcard every thing that is not *material* and appurtenant to this globe, they are continually ſoaring *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*. Of the juſtice of this remark, you will be perfectly ſatisfied, when I inform you, that in a ſolemn diſcuſſion, which I had the other day with a man for whom I entertain the higheſt regard on account of his private virtues, and who is juſtly conſidered as one of the firſt natural philoſophers in the world; he told me, with a grave and ſerious countenance, that Lagrange, Lacroix, and ſeveral others of the Inſtitute, whom he mentioned, had ſent to a German †, now exploring the interior

† "Surely this is not Horneman! If it be, let that excellent inſtitution which ſent him, look to their reſponſibility to heaven and earth, if they ſuffer ſuch an abomination of nature to be attempted by their agent."

of Africa, to requeſt he would make the experiment of a connection between a male ouran-outang and an African woman; and that he looked with the moſt eager expectation for the moſt favourable reſults from it!!!

"Such a project is worthy of the philoſophers of the National Inſtitute; and I will venture to affirm, that it never could have been conceived by any other being, except the devil and themſelves. It is a ſublime ſtroke of modern philoſophy; it is eſſentially, unequivocally, and excluſively, French. But one ſtep more remains, to eternize the glory of the Inſtitute, which is, when this new monſter of their impious creation ſhall have been generated, to elect him immediately a member of the claſs of Natural Hiſtory, belonging to that learned, profound, and virtuous confraternity of philoſophers."

Bonaparte is thus originally pourtrayed.

"Napoleone Bonaparte, Saint, and Apoſtle of the Gauls, Sovereign of France, and Dictator of the Continent of Europe; originally a Lieutenant of Artillery; afterwards, one of the Spies of the Police of Paris; but having married the caſt-off miſtreſs of his patron, in conſideration of her fortune, and of a promiſe of preferment in the army, he became a General; defeated armies always inferior to his own in number; over-ran Italy by the means of numberleſs ſucceſsful frauds; became a hero; revolutionized it, and then became its legiſlator; committed a thouſand military blunders, for which, as a general, he deſerved to be ſhot; robbed and maſſacred its inhabitants, for which he deſerved to be hanged; promiſed to revolutionize England in ſix months, wherein he lied; ſet off for Egypt at the head of 47,000 choice thieves like himſelf, to ranſack it and butcher its inhabitants, for which he deſerved to be bow-ſtringed; avowed his perjuries, for which he deſerved to be put in the pillory; contrived to rid the Republic of a whole fleet of men of war, for which he deſerved the guillotine; poiſoned his own ſick ſoldiers, for which he deſerved to be put in a boiling cauldron, conformably to the old ſtatute in ſuch caſe made and provided; became a Muſſulman, for which he deſerved to be circumciſed; murdered his defenceleſs priſoners, for which he deſerved to be buried alive; ran away from his diſtreſſed army, for which he deſerved to be put to the halberts; ſubverted the conſtitution he had ſworn to obſerve, and made himſelf maſter of France, for which he deſerved to be ſent among wild beaſts; cheated all his former aſſociates, and laſhes his people of ſlaves with a rod of ſcorpions, for which he deſerves praiſe; made himſelf Preſident of the Italian Republic, for which he deſerved the gallies; diſturbs the peace of Swiſſerland, for which he deſerves to be drowned in the lake of Geneva; the eternal enemy of the Britiſh nation, for which he deſerves their thanks; a Member of the National Inſtitute, for which he deſerves to be whipped at ſchool; the implacable enemy of God and man, for which he deſerves to go to ———."

We add only one extract more relative to the far-famed Thomas Paine—it will gratify curioſity.

"The name of Thomas Paine is ſo familiar to every one, that had we not been previouſly acquainted with each other, I ſhould have contrived to have had an interview with him, during my reſidence in Paris. Nearly ten years had elapſed ſince we were laſt together, and I felt deeply intereſted in learning his opinions concerning the French Revolution, after all the experience, which ſo long a period of uninterrupted ſtorms and convulſions, muſt neceſſarily have afforded him. Accordingly, he was amongſt the firſt on whom I called, and I have ſince been frequently in his company.

"It was not without ſome conſiderable difficulty that I diſcovered his reſidence, for the name of Thomas Paine is now as odious in France as it is in England, perhaps more ſo. A bookſeller's ſhop in the Palais Royale appeared the moſt likely place to inquire, and thither I immediately repaired. But I had no ſooner mentioned his name, than the bookſeller, his wife, his ſon, and a bye-ſtander, fell upon me in ſuch an unmerciful manner, calling Paine *ſcelerat*, *bandit*, *coquin*, and aſcribing to him, the reſiſtance which Leclerc had experienced from the negroes of St. Domingo, of which they had juſt received intelligence, that I found it neceſſary to

decamp without loſing a moment of time. Being at a loſs how to proceed, I determined to betake myſelf to the hotel of the American miniſter, and as I was paſſing through the *Rue des Petits Pères*, I ſaw over the gateway of White's, in large letters, *hotel de Philadelphie*; in conſequence of which, I entered and enquired for Thomas Paine. The maſter told me that he never came there *now*, but that he was ſometimes to be found at the adjoining coffee houſe. Thus far, I was making ſome progreſs. On applying where I had been directed, I was informed, that he had not been there for ſeveral days, but that he lived at a bookſeller's in the *Rue du Théatre Francais*. *A bookſeller!* after the dreſſing I had juſt received, a bookſeller's ſhop ſounded very terrific in my ears. However, I was reſolved, and ſet off with a good heart, being perſuaded that if Paine lived there, neither the bookſeller, his wife, his ſon, nor a bye-ſtander, would eat me. I took the precaution as ſoon as I had reached the ſtreet, to enquire how *many* bookſellers lived in it, and the immediate anſwer was, that an American bookſeller inhabited No. 4. After having mounted to the ſecond ſtory, I rang at the bell, and on a jolly looking woman opening the door, I aſked in a meek and humble tone (for the reception I had met with at the Palais Royale was ſtill in my mind) whether Mr. Paine lived there? After having ſurveyed me from head to feet, ſhe anſwered in the affirmative, but ſaid ſhe believed he was not at home, and requeſted me to enter. As ſoon as I had walked into her apartment, ſhe held the candle pretty cloſe to my face, and ſaid, "Do you wiſh to ſee Mr. Paine?" to which I inſtantly replied, "I am juſt come from England, and am extremely anxious to ſee him, as I am an old acquaintance whom he has not ſeen this ten years." Even as the ſun diſpels the miſt, ſo did this well-timed declaration change the features of her countenance, which now became nothing but ſmiles and joy. She continued; "He is taking a nap; but I'll go and wake him."

"In two minutes ſhe returned, and uſhered me into a little dirty room, containing a ſmall wooden table, and two chairs. "This," ſaid ſhe, "is Mr Paine's room!" I never ſat down in ſuch a filthy apartment in the whole courſe of my life. The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt; there was not a ſpeck of cleanlineſs to be ſeen; three ſhelves were filled with paſteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a miniſter of foreign affairs, *correſpondance Americaine*, *Britannique*; *Franciſe*; *Notices*; *politiques*; *Le citoyen Francais*, *&c.* In one corner of the room ſtood ſeveral huge bars of iron, curiouſly ſhaped, and two large trunks; oppoſite the fire place, a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dreſſer in a ſcullery than a ſideboard. Such was the wretched habitation of Thomas Paine, one of the founders of American Independence; whoſe extraordinary genius muſt ever command attention; and whoſe writings have ſummoned to action the minds of the moſt enlightened politicians of Europe! How different the humble dwelling of this Apoſtle of Freedom, from thoſe gorgeous manſions tenanted by the founders of the French Republic!

"After I had waited a ſhort time, Mr. Paine came down ſtairs, and entered the room, dreſſed in a long flannel gown. I was forcibly ſtruck with his altered appearance. Time ſeemed to have made dreadful ravages over his whole frame, and a ſettled melancholy was viſible on his countenance. He deſired me to be ſeated, and although he did not recollect me for a conſiderable time, he converſed with his uſual affability. I confeſs I felt extremely ſurpriſed that he ſhould have forgotten me; but I reſolved not to make myſelf known to him, as long as it could be avoided with propriety. In order to try his memory, I referred to a number of circumſtances, which had occurred while we were in company, but carefully abſtained from hinting that we had ever lived together. He would frequently put his hand to his forehead, and exclaim, "Ah! I know that voice, but my recollection fails!" At length, I thought it time to remove his ſuſpenſe, and ſtated an incident which inſtantly recalled me to his mind. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſudden change which this affected in his appearance and manner; his countenance brightened, he preſſed me by the hand, and a

ſilent tear ſtole down his cheek. Nor was I leſs affected than himſelf. For ſome time, we ſat without a word eſcaping from our lips. "Thus are we met once more Mr. Paine," I reſumed, "after a long ſeparation of ten years, and after having been both of us ſeverely weather beaten." "Aye," he replied, "and who would have thought that we ſhould meet at Paris?" He then enquired what motive had brought me here, and on my explaining myſelf, he obſerved, with a ſmile of contempt, "They have ſhed blood enough for liberty, and now they have it in perfection. This is not a country for an honeſt man to live in; they do not underſtand any thing at all of the principles of free government, and the beſt way is, to leave them to themſelves. You ſee they have conquered all Europe, only to make it more miſerable than it was before." Upon this, I remarked, that I was ſurprized to hear him ſpeak in ſuch deſponding language, of the fortune of mankind, and that I thought much might yet be done for the Republic. "Republic!" he exclaimed, "do you call this a Republic? why, they are worſe off than the ſlaves at Conſtantinople; for there, they expect to be baſhaws in heaven, by ſubmitting to be ſlaves below, but here, they believe neither in heaven nor hell, and yet are ſlaves by choice. I know of no Republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for ſuch men as you and I. It is my intention to get away from this place as ſoon as poſſible, and I hope to be off in autumn; you are a young man, and may ſee better times, but I have done with Europe, and its ſlaviſh politics." I admitted that America might be always looked to as the country for forlorn hope, but that I entertained great doubts whether I ſhould be happy in it; and I enumerated my objections, concluding with the want of ſociety, and my apprehenſions reſpecting the yellow fever, which I ſtated you had repreſented to me in a very unfavourable light. Both theſe objections he endeavoured to controvert, by ſhewing that there was as good ſociety in America, and *better* in many reſpects, than in all Europe; and as to the yellow fever, it had been imported, and there could be no doubt it would wholly diſappear by the purſuit of proper precautions; he then made uſe of ſome ingenious arguments to prove this, and affirmed that it had of late years, ſcarcely ever proved fatal to perſons in eaſy circumſtances, on account of their having withdrawn into the country at its firſt appearance. But, his argument carried irreſiſtible conviction to my mind, when he inſiſted that it was the only circumſtance, that had deterred Europeans from emigrating thither, which he illuſtrated by a comparative ſtatement of the influx of population before and ſince the breaking out of that peſtilential malady.

"In the courſe of our long converſation upon America, he put into my hands a letter, which he had recently received from Mr. Jefferſon, the Preſident. It was dictated with the eaſe, and freedom of one old friend writing to another. He begins with congratulating Mr. Paine on his determination to exchange the Old for the New World, as he will find on his return, a very favourable change in the political opinions of the citizens of the United States, who are happily come back to thoſe enlightened principles, which he, (Mr. Paine) had ſo uſefully contributed to ſpread over the world. He truſts that this intelligence will afford him pleaſure, and that in returning to a country where his principles are daily practiſed by the government, he will at length experience that happineſs and repoſe, which his exertions in the cauſe of mankind deſerve. As Mr. Paine had expreſſed a deſire to return in a *public manner*, he ſtates that the ſloop of war, which had brought the miniſter Livingſtone to France, would return at a given time, and convey him to America, if he could make it *convenient* to take advantage of the occaſion. The reſt of the letter is in the uſual tone of friendſhip, and aſſures Mr. Paine, he ſhall meet with a hearty welcome.

"As ſoon as I had finiſhed the peruſal of the letter, he obſerved, that there now remained only four perſons who had acted in concert during the American revolution, John Adams, (the late Preſident) Jefferſon, Livingſtone, and himſelf. He then gave me two copies of Mr. Jefferſon's ſpeech, which he ſaid, he had cauſed to be printed in France, by way of contraſt with the government of the Firſt Con-

ſul. He continued, (laughing at the ſame time) "It would be a curious circumſtance, if I ſhould hereafter be ſent as Secretery of Legation to the Engliſh court, which outlawed me. What a hubbub it would create at the King's levee, to ſee Tom Paine preſented by the American ambaſſador! All the biſhops and women would faint away; the women would ſuppoſe I came to raviſh them, and the biſhops, to raviſh their tythes. I think it would be a good joke." I took this opportunity of ſuggeſting, that he had not altogether given up Europe, ſince he thought of reviſiting it in an official capacity. He anſwered, that it was poſſible, but not probable at his time of life; that he ſhould diſpoſe of his eſtate, live upon the intereſt, and amuſe himſelf with mechanics, and writing memoirs of his life and correſpondence, two volumes of which he had already completed.

"The eſtate which he poſſeſſes in America is valuable, and muſt produce more than, from his habits, he can ſpend. Many years ago he had been offered 1,200l. for it, afterwards, he ſaid, 2,000l. ſterling was bidden, and at laſt Judge Greiwold tendered him 4,000l. for it, which he alſo refuſed, becauſe he knew it was worth more, as he eſtimates it at about 7000l.

"Upon my inquiring how he had paſſed his life ſince we parted, he gave a long account of his occupations, from the time that he was ſent to priſon. During our invaſion of Holland, he went to Bruſſels, where he paſſed a few days with General Brune, with a view, as he declared, of accompanying him to Holland, "to ſee the laſt of John Bull." He ſtated, however, that in France and the French army, there was but one opinion concerning that event; and even General Brune himſelf had avowed, that it was impoſſible to prevent the final ſucceſs of the Engliſh.

"While he was in priſon, he wrote his 'Age of Reaſon,' and amuſed himſelf with carrying on an epiſtolary correſpondence with Lady S...., under the aſſumed name of 'the Caſtle in the Air,' and her Ladyſhip anſwered, under the title of 'The Little Corner of the World;' which has been continued to the preſent day without interminſion. Some of this correſpondence which he ſhewed me, is extremely beautiful and intereſting; conſidering the dreadful places, times, and circumſtances in which they were compoſed. You are not perhaps aware, that he is the author of that beautiful ſong on the death of General Wolfe, which many years ago was in every one's mouth; however, the following extract from a manuſcript eſſay that he gave me, will afford you a competent idea of his manner of treating ſubjects leſs ſolemn and invidious than polities. It will appear at full length, in the volumes he intends to publiſh on his return to America.

"TO FORGETFULNESS.

"*From the Caſtle in the Air, to the Little Corner of the World.*

"MEMORY, like a beauty that is always preſent to hear herſelf flattered, is flattered by every one. But, the abſent and ſilent goddeſs, forgetfulneſs, has no votaries, and is never thought of: yet we owe her much. She is the Goddeſs of eaſe, though not of pleaſure.

"When the mind is like a room hung with black, and every corner of it crowded with the moſt horrid images Imagination can create, this kind, ſpeechleſs Goddeſs of a Maid, Forgetfulneſs, is following us night and day with her opium wand, and gently touching firſt one, and then another, benumbs them into reſt, and at laſt glides them away with the ſilence of a departing ſhadow. It is thus the tortured mind is reſtored to the calm condition of eaſe, and fitted for happineſs.

"How diſmal muſt the picture of life appear to the mind in that dreadful moment, when it reſolves on darkneſs and to die! One can ſcarcely believe ſuch a choice was poſſible. Yet, how many of the young and beautiful, timid in every thing elſe, and formed for delight, have ſhut their eyes upon the world, and made the waters their ſepulchral bed!—Ah! would they in that criſis, when life and death are both before them, and each within their reach,—would they but think, or try to think, that Forgetfulneſs will come to their relief, and lull them into eaſe, they would ſtay their hand, and lay hold of life. But there is a necromancy in wretchedneſs that entombs the mind, and increaſes the miſery, by ſhutting out every ray of light and

hope. It makes the wretched falſely believe they will be wretched ever. It is the moſt fatal of all dangerous deluſions; and it is only when this necromantic night-mare of the mind begins to vaniſh, by being reſiſted, that it is diſcovered to be put by a tyrannic ſpectre. All grief, like all things elſe, will yield to the obliterating power of Time. While Deſpair is praying on the mind, Time and its effects are preying on Deſpair; and certain it is, the diſmal viſion will fade away, and Forgetfulneſs, with her ſiſter Eaſe, will change the ſcene. Then, let not the wretched be raſh, but wait, painful as the ſtruggle may be, the arrival of Forgetfulneſs; for it will certainly arrive.

"I have twice been preſent at the ſcene of attempted ſuicide. The one, a love diſtracted girl in England; the other, of a patriotic friend in France; and, as the circumſtances of each are ſtrongly pictured in my memory, I will relate them to you. They will in ſome meaſure corroborate what I have ſaid of Forgetfulneſs.

"About the year 1766, I was in Lincolnſhire, and on a viſit at the houſe of a widow lady, Mrs. E—, at a ſmall village in the Fens of that county. It was in ſummer, and one evening after ſupper, Mrs. E— and myſelf went to take a turn in the garden. It was about eleven o'clock, and to avoid the night air of the Fens, we were walking in a bower, ſhaded over with hazel-buſhes. On a ſudden, ſhe ſcreamed out, and cried, "Lord! look, look!" I caſt my eyes through the openings of the hazel-buſhes, in the direction ſhe was looking, and ſaw a white ſhapeleſs figure, without head or arms, moving along one of the walks, at ſome diſtance from us. I quitted Mrs. E—, and went after it. When I got into the walk where the figure was, and was following it, it took up a croſs walk. There was a holly buſh on the corner of the two walks, which, being night, I did not obſerve, and, as I continued to ſtep forward, the holly buſh came in a ſtraight line between me and the figure, and I loſt ſight of it; and as I paſſed along one walk, and the figure the other, the holly buſh ſtill continued to intercept the view, ſo as to give the appearance that the figure had vaniſhed. When I came to the corner of two walks, I caught ſight of it again, and coming up with it, I reached out my hand to touch it; and in the act of doing this, the idea ſtruck me—Will my hand paſs through the air, or ſhall I feel any thing? Leſs than a moment would decide this, and my hand reſted on the ſhoulder of a human figure. I ſpoke, but do not recollect what I ſaid. It anſwered in a low voice, "pray let me alone." I then knew who it was. It was a young Lady who was on a viſit to Mrs. E—, and who, when we ſat down to ſupper, ſaid, ſhe found herſelf extremely ill, and would go to bed. I called to Mrs. E—, who came, and I ſaid to her, "it is Miſs N—." Mrs. E— ſaid, "my God! I hope you are not going to do yourſelf any hurt;" for Mrs. E— ſuſpected ſomething. She replied with pathetic melancholy, "Life has not one pleaſure for me." We got her into the houſe, and Mrs. E— took her to ſleep with her.

The caſe was, the man whom ſhe expected to be married to, had forſaken her, and ſhe heard he was to be married to another. The ſhock appeared to her too great to be borne. She had retired, as I have ſaid, to her room, and when ſhe ſuppoſed all the family had gone to bed, (which would have been the caſe, if Mrs. E— and I had not walked into the garden) ſhe undreſſed herſelf, tied her apron over her head, which deſcending below her waiſt, gave her the ſhapeleſs figure I have ſpoken of. Aided by the obſcurity of almoſt midnight, and with this, and a white under-petticoat and ſlippers, for ſhe had taken out her buckles, and put them at the ſervant maid's chamber door, I ſuppoſe as a keep-ſake, ſhe came down ſtairs, and was going to drown herſelf in a pond at the bottom of the garden, towards which ſhe was going, when Mrs. E— ſcreamed out. We found afterwards, that ſhe had heard the ſcream, and that was the cauſe of her changing her walk.

"By gentle uſage, and leading her into ſubjects that might, without doing violence to her feelings, and without letting her ſee the direct intention of it, ſteal her, as it were, from the horror ſhe was in, (and I felt a compaſſionate, good diſpoſition to do it, for ſhe was a good girl) ſhe recovered

her former cheerfulneſs, and was afterwards the happy wife, and the mother of a family.

"The other caſe, and the concluſion in my next.

"In Paris, in 1793, I had lodgings in the *Rue Fauxbourg St. Dénis*, No. 63. They were the moſt agreeable for ſituation of any I ever had in Paris, except that they were too remote from the Convention, of which I was then a member. But this was recompenſed by their being alſo remote from the alarms and confuſion into which the interiour of Paris was then often thrown. The news of thoſe things uſed to arrive to us, as if we were in a ſtate of quietude in the country. The houſe, which was encloſed by a wall and gateway from the ſtreet, was a good deal like an old manſion Farm-houſe, and the court-yard was like a farm-yard ſtocked with fowls, ducks, turkies, and geeſe; which for amuſement, we uſed to feed out of the window of the parlour on the ground floor. There were ſome huts for rabbits, and a ſtye with two pigs. Beyond, was a garden of more than an acre of ground, well laid out, and ſtocked with excellent fruit trees. The orange, apricot, and the green-gage plumb, were the beſt I ever taſted; and it is the only place where I ſaw the wild cucumber, which they told me is poiſonous. The place had formerly been occupied by ſome curious perſon.

"My apartments conſiſted of three rooms. The firſt, for wood, water, &c. with an old faſhioned cloſet cheſt, high enough to hang up clothes in. The next was the bed room, and beyond that the ſitting room. At the end of the ſitting room, which looked into the garden, was a glaſs door, and on the outſide a ſmall landing place railed in, and a flight of narrow ſtairs almoſt hidden by the vines that grew over it, by which I could deſcend into the garden, without going down ſtairs through the houſe. I am trying, by deſcription, to make you ſee the place in your mind, becauſe it will aſſiſt the ſtory I have to tell; and which I think you can do, becauſe you once called upon me there on account of Sir ——, who was then, as myſelf was, ſoon afterwards, in arreſtation. But it was winter when you came, and it is a ſummer ſcene I am deſcribing.

§ § § §

I went into my chamber to write and ſign a certificate for them, which I intended to take to the guard houſe, to obtain their releaſe. Juſt as I had finiſhed it, a man came into my room, dreſſed in the Pariſian uniform of *a captain*, and ſpoke to me in good Engliſh, and with a *good addreſs*. He told me that two young men, Engliſhmen, were arreſted and detained in the guard-houſe, and that the ſection (meaning thoſe who repreſented and acted for the ſection) had ſent him to aſk me if I knew them, and would anſwer for them, in which caſe they would be liberated. This matter being ſoon ſettled between us, he talked to me about the Revolution, and ſomething about the "Rights of Man," which he had read in Engliſh; and at parting *offered me in a polite and civil manner his ſervice*. And who do you think the man was that offered me *his ſervice?* It was no other than the *Public Executioner, Samſom*, who guillotined the king, and all who were guillotined in Paris, and who lived in the ſame ſection and the ſame ſtreet with us.

§ § § §

"As for myſelf, I uſed to find ſome relief by walking alone in the garden after it was dark, *and curſing with hearty good will the authors of that terrible ſyſtem that had turned the character of the Revolution I had been proud to defend.*

"I went but little to the Convention, and then only to make my appearance; becauſe I found it *impoſſible for me to join in their tremendous decrees, and uſeleſs and dangerous to oppoſe them.* My having voted and ſpoken extenſively more ſo than any other member, againſt the execution of the King, had already fixed a mark upon me: neither *dared any of my aſſociates in the Convention to tranſlate, and ſpeak in French for me any thing that I might have dared to have written.*

§ § § §

Pen and ink was then of no uſe to me. No good could be done by writing, and no printer dared to print; and whatever I might have written for my private amuſement, as anecdotes of the times, would have been continually expoſed to be examined, and tortured into any meaning that the rage of party might fix upon it; and as to ſofter ſubjects, my heart was in diſtreſs at the fate of my friends, and

my harp was ſtrung upon the weeping willows.

" As it was ſummer, we ſpent moſt of our time in the garden, and paſſed it away in thoſe childiſh amuſements that ſerve to keep reflection from the mind, ſuch as marbles, ſcotch-hops, battledores, &c. at which we were all pretty expert.

§ § § §

In this retired manner we remained about ſix or ſeven weeks; and our landlord went every evening into the city, to bring us the news of the day, and the Evening Journal.

" I have now, my Little Corner of the World, led you on, ſtep by ſtep, to the ſcene that makes the ſequel of this narrative, and I will put that ſcene before your eyes. You ſhall ſee it in deſcription, as I ſaw it in fact.

§ § § §

He recovered, and being anxious to get out of France, a paſſport was obtained for him and *****, chiefly by the means of the Huiſſier Roſe, and I believe, privately from ſome of the members of the Committee. They received the paſſport late in the evening, and ſet off poſt the next morning for Baſle before four, from which I had a letter from them, highly pleaſed with their eſcape from France, into which they had entered with an enthuſiaſm of patriotic devotion. Ah! France, thou haſt ruined the character of a Revolution virtuouſly begun, and deſtroyed thoſe that produced it. I might almoſt ſay like Job's ſervant, " and I only am eſcaped."

Two days after they were gone, I heard a rapping at the gate, and looking out of the window of the bed-room, I ſaw the landlord going with a candle to the gate, which he opened, and a guard with muſkets and fixed bayonets entered. I went to bed again, and made up my mind for priſon, for I was then the only lodger. It was a guard *to take up* — and —, but I thank God! they were out of their reach.

' The guard came about a month after, in the night, and took away the landlord, Georgeit, and the ſcene in the houſe finiſhed by the arreſtation of myſelf. This was ſoon after you had called on me, and ſorry I was it was not in my power to render to — the ſervice that you aſked.

" I have now fulfilled my engagement, and I hope your expectation, in relating the caſe of —, landed back on the ſhore of life, by the miſtake of the pilot, who was conducting him out; and preſerved afterwards from priſon, perhaps from a worſe fate, without knowing it himſelf.

" You ſay a ſtory cannot be too melancholy for you. This is intereſting and affecting, but not melancholy. It may raiſe in your mind a ſympathetic ſentiment in reading it, and though it may ſtart a tear of pity, you will not have a tear of ſorrow to drop upon the page.

§ § § §

Here, my contemplative correſpondent, let us ſtop and look back upon the ſcene. The matters here related being all facts, are ſtrongly pictured in my mind, and in this ſenſe, Forgetfulneſs does not apply. But facts and feelings are diſtinct things, and it is againſt facts that the opium wand of Forgetfulneſs deceives us into eaſe. Look back on any ſcene or ſubject that once gave you diſtreſs, for all of us have felt ſome, and you will find, that though the remembrance of the fact is not extinct in your memory, the feeling is extinct in your mind. You can remember you had felt diſtreſs, but you cannot feel that diſtreſs again, and perhaps will wonder you felt it then. It is like a ſhadow that loſes itſelf in light.

" It is often difficult to know what is a misfortune. That which we feel as a great one to-day, may be the means of turning aſide our ſteps into ſome new path that leads to happineſs yet unknown. In tracing the ſcenes of my own life, I can diſcover, that the condition I now enjoy, which is ſweet to me, and will be more ſo when I get to America, *except in the loſs of your ſociety* §, has been produced, in the firſt inſtance, by my being diſappointed in former projects. Beyond that impenetrable veil, Futurity, we know not what lies concealed, and the way to arrive is hidden from us. Turning then our thoughts to thoſe caſes of deſpair that lead to ſuicide, when, " the mind," as you ſay, " neither ſees, nor hears, and holds council only with itſelf; when the very idea of conſolation would add to the torture, and ſelf-deſtruction

§ Who ſays Tom Paine is not a gallant man?

is its only aim ‖;" what, it may be aſked, is the beſt advice, what the beſt relief?—I anſwer, ſeek it not in reaſon, for the mind is at war with reaſon, and to reaſon againſt feelings is as vain, as to reaſon againſt fire ¶. It ſerves only to torture the tortured, by adding reproach to horror. All reaſoning, in ſuch caſes, acts upon us like the reaſoning of another perſon, that, however kindly done, ſerves but to inſult the miſery we ſuffer. If reaſon could remove the pain, reaſon could have prevented it. If ſhe could not do the one, how is ſhe to perform the other? In all ſuch caſes we muſt look upon reaſon as diſpoſſeſſed of her empire, by a revolt of the mind. She retires herſelf to a diſtance to weep, and the ebony ſceptre of deſpair, rules alone. All that reaſon can then do, is to ſuggeſt, to hint a thought, to ſignify a wiſh, to caſt now and then a kind, bewailing look, to hold up, when ſhe can catch the eye, the miniature ſhaded portrait of Hope; and though dethroned, and can dictate no more, to wait upon us in the humble ſtation of a hand-maid.—Perhaps it may be ſaid, all this is figure; but it is figure, ſo much like reality, that though it cannot be true in fact, it is true in ſentiment."

"I have often been in company with Mr. Paine, ſince my arrival here; and I was not a little ſurprized to find him wholly indifferent about the public ſpirit of England, or the remaining influence of his doctrines among its people. Indeed, he ſeemed to diſlike the mention of the ſubject; and when, one day, in order to provoke diſcuſſion, I told him I had altered my opinions upon many of his principles, he anſwered, "You certainly have the right to do ſo; but you cannot alter the nature of things; the French have alarmed all honeſt men; but ſtill truth is truth. Though you may not think that my principles are practicable in England, without bringing on a great deal of miſery and confuſion, you are, I am ſure, convinced of their juſtice." Here he took occaſion to ſpeak in terms of the utmoſt ſeverity againſt Mr. ———, who had obtained a ſeat in parliament, and ſaid that "parſons were always miſchievous fellows when they turned politicians." This gave riſe to an obſervation reſpecting his "Age of Reaſon," the publication of which I ſaid had loſt him the good opinion of numbers of his Engliſh advocates. He became uncommonly warm at this remark, and in a tone of ſingular energy declared, that he would not have publiſhed it, if he had not thought it calculated to "inſpire mankind with a more exalted idea of the Supreme Architect of the Univerſe, and to put an end to villainous impoſture." He then broke out with the moſt violent invectives againſt our received opinions, accompanying them at the ſame time with ſome of the moſt grand and ſublime conceptions of an Omnipotent Being, that I ever heard or read of. In the ſupport of this opinion, he avowed himſelf ready to lay down his life, and ſaid, "the Biſhop of Landaff may roaſt me in Smithfield, if he likes, but human torture cannot ſhake my conviction." To this I anſwered, "The Biſhop of Landaff is a man of too enlightened, tolerant, and humane a diſpoſition, to wiſh you roaſted, or any other man, for differing with him in opinion. You cannot ſay that his Apology does not breathe tolerance in every page."—"Aye, it is an Apology, indeed, for prieſtcraft; but parſons will meddle and make miſchief;—they always hurt their own cauſe, and make things worſe than they were before; if he had ſaid nothing, the church would have loſt nothing; but I have another rod in pickle, for *Mr. Biſhop*." Here he reached down a copy of the Biſhop's work, interleaved with remarks upon it, which he read to me: after which, he admitted the liberality of the Biſhop, and regretted, that in all the controverſies among men, a ſimilar temper was not maintained. But, in proportion as he appeared liſtleſs of politics, he ſeemed quite a zealot in his religious creed; of which the following is an inſtance.

"An Engliſh Lady of our acquaintance, not leſs remarkable for her ta-

‖ This paſſage indicates that the mind of his female correſpondent is not of the common order.

¶ In this ſingle ſentence, Mr. Paine was not aware, that he was overthrowing the hypotheſis on which he raiſed the ſtructure of his political writings, and particularly of his "*Age of Reaſon.*".

lents than for elegance of manners, entreated me to contrive that ſhe might have an interview with Mr. Paine. In conſequence of this, I invited him to dinner on a day when we were to be favoured with her company. But, as ſhe is a very rigid Roman Catholic, I cautioned Mr. Paine before-hand, againſt touching upon religious ſubjects, aſſuring him at the ſame time, that ſhe felt much intereſted to make his acquaintance. With much good-nature, he promiſed *to be diſcreet*. Although the Lady I allude to, is one of the moſt liberal and tolerant of her ſex, I knew that on *this* point ſhe felt tenderly; for which reaſon, this preliminary hint was not ill-timed.

"For above four hours, he kept every one in aſtoniſhment and admiration of his memory, his keen obſervation of men and manners, his numberleſs anecdotes of the American Indians, of the American war, of Franklin, Waſhington, and even of his Majeſty, of whom he told ſeveral curious facts of humour and benevolence. His remarks on genius and taſte can never be forgotten by thoſe preſent. Thus far every thing went on as I could wiſh; the ſparkling champagne gave a zeſt to his converſation, and we were all delighted. But alas! alas; an expreſſion relating to his "Age of Reaſon," having been mentioned by one of the company, he broke out immediately. He began with aſtronomy,—addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Y—, he declared, that the leaſt inſpection of the motion of the ſtars, was a convincing proof, that Moſes was a liar. Nothing could ſtop him. In vain I attempted to change the ſubject, by employing every artifice in my power, and even by attacking with vehemence his political principles. He returend to the charge with unabated ardour. I called upon him for a ſong, though I never heard him ſing in my life. He ſtruck up inſtantly one of his own compoſition; but the inſtant he had finiſhed it, he reſumed his favourite topic. Every time he took breath, he gained freſh ſtrength, and on he went, with inconceivable rapidity, until the ladies gradually ſtole unobſerved from the room, and left another gentleman and myſelf to conteſt, or rather to leave him maſter of the field of battle.

"I felt extremely mortified, and remarked that he had forgotten his promiſe, and that it was not fair to wound ſo deeply the opinions of the ladies. "Oh!" ſaid he, "they'l come again. What a pity it is that people ſhould be ſo prejudiced!"—To which I retorted, that their prejudices might be virtues. "If ſo," he replied, "the bloſſoms may be beautiful to the eye, but the root is weak." I deſired him to prove it. He continued as follows, declaring that he could not do better than cite his own expreſſions, written years ago. "There is ſomething exceedingly curious in the conſtitution and operation of prejudice. It has the ſingular ability of accommodating itſelf to all the poſſible varieties of the human mind. Some paſſions and vices are but thinly ſcattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitneſs for reception. But prejudice, like the ſpider, makes every where its home. It has neither taſte nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is ſcarcely a ſituation, except fire or water, in which a ſpider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forſaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richeſt abilities of thinking, let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited, ſtill prejudice, if undiſturbed, will fill it with cob-webs, and live, like the ſpider, where there ſeems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poiſoning it to her palate and her uſe, the other does the ſame; and as ſeveral of our paſſions are ſtrongly characſtered by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the ſpider of the mind."

"Upon my obſerving that I did not recollect the paſſage in any of his works, he ſtated, that it was written in America, twenty years ago, and might be found in one of his pamphlets, the name of which has eſcaped my recollection. But he repeated it, at our requeſt, ſeveral times, and allowed me to write it down. One of the moſt extraordinary properties belongnig to Mr. Paine, is, his power of retaining every thing he has written in the courſe of his life. It is a fact, that he can repeat, word for word, every ſentence in his "*Common Senſe*, *Rights of Man*, &c. &c., which I at-

tribute firſt, to the unparalelled ſlowneſs with which he compoſes every paſſage he writes; ſecondly, to its having been profoundly meditated, and laſtly, to his diſlike to every ſort of reading. The Bible is the only book which he has ſtudied, and there is not a verſe in it, that is not familiar to him. Wonderful and productive as his mathematical genius is unqueſtionably, he has often aſſured me, that he never read any thing upon the ſubject. Indeed, he ſeems to have a contemptuous opinion not only of books, but of their authors; for in ſhewing me one day the beautiful models of two bridges he had deviſed, he obſerved that Dr. Franklin once told him, that "books are written to pleaſe, houſes built for great men, churches for prieſts, but no bridge for the people."

"Theſe models exhibit an extraordinary degree, not only of ſkill, but of taſte, in mechanics; and are wrought with extreme delicacy, entirely by his own hands. The largeſt is nearly four foot in length; the iron works, the chains, and every other article belonging to it, were forged, and manufactured by himſelf. It is intended as the model of a bridge, which is to be conſtructed acroſs the Delaware, extending 480 feet, with only *one arch*. The other is to be erected over a leſſer river, whoſe name I forget, and is likewiſe a ſingle arch, and of his own workmanſhip, excepting the chains, which inſtead of iron, are cut out of paſteboard, by the fair hand of his correſpondent, the Little Corner of the World, whoſe indefatigable perſeverance is extraordinary. He was offered 3,000l. for theſe models, and refuſed it. The iron bars which I before mentioned that I noticed in a corner of his room, were alſo forged by himſelf, as the model of a crane, of a new deſcription. He put them together, and exhibited the power of the lever, to a moſt ſurprizing degree.

"It would require the leiſure, and faculty of Jamie Boſwell himſelf, to detail all the converſations, which I had with Mr. Paine, or the opinions and anecdotes which he recounted. I am ſure they would fill a volume. I ſhall therefore conclude this account of him, with a few words, reſpecting his acquaintance with Bonaparte.

"When the *Hero of Italy* had returned to Paris, in order to take the command of that *Army of England*, with whoſe left wing he afterwards ſet off to conquer the department of the Thames, on the burning ſands of Egypt, he called on Mr. Paine, and invited him to dinner. In the courſe of his rapturous ecſtacies, he declared, that a ſtatute of gold, ought to be erected to him in *every city in the univerſe*; he alſo aſſured him, that he always ſlept with his book*, under his pillow, and conjured him to honour him with his correſpondence and advice. When the military Council at Paris, who directed all the movements of Bonaparte, (though *he* has the merit of them) came to a ſerious conſultation about the invaſion of England, Mr. Paine was invited to aſſiſt at the ſitting. After they had ranſacked and examined all the plans, charts, and projects of the Old Government, Bonaparte ſubmitted to them, the propriety of hearing what Citizen Paine had to ſay upon the ſubject. But I ſhould have ſtated, that without one diſſentient voice, they were all of opinion, the meaſure was impracticable, dangerous even in idea, and ſtill more ſo in the attempt. General D'Arcon, a celebrated engineer †, was one of this Council, and preſent on the occaſion. He laughed at the project, and ſaid, that all thoſe plans and ſchemes, had better be made cartridge paper of, for there was no Prince Charles (meaning the Pretender) now-a-days; and that they might as well attempt to invade the moon, as England, with its ſuperior fleet at ſea. "Oh!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "but there will be a fog."—"Ah!" replied D'Arcon, "and there will be an Engliſh fleet in that fog."—"Cannot we paſs?" ſaid Bonaparte; "Doubtleſs," anſwered the other, "by diving twenty fathom under water;" then looking ſtedfaſtly at the Hero, "General" ſaid he, the earth is our own but not the ſea. We muſt recruit our fleets, before we can hope to make any impreſſion on England, and even then, the enterprize would be fraught with perdition, unleſs we could raiſe a diverſion among the peo-

* "The Rights of Man."

† He directed the ſiege of Gibraltar, in the American war.

ple." Then Bonaparte: "that is the very point I mean; here is Citizen Paine, who will tell you, that the whole Engliſh nation, except the royal family, and *the Hanoverians who have been created peers of the realm, and abſorb the greateſt part of the land property*, are ardently burning *for fraternization*." Paine being called upon, ſaid, "It is now ſeveral years ſince I have been in England, and therefore I can only judge of it, by what I knew when I was there. I think the people are very diſaffected, but I am ſorry to add, that if the expedition ſhould eſcape the fleet, I think the army would be cut in pieces. The only way to kill England, is to annihilate her commerce." This opinion was backed by all the Council, and Bonaparte, turning to Paine, aſked how long he thought it would take to annihilate the Engliſh commerce? Paine anſwered 'that every thing depended on a peace.' From that hour, Bonaparte never ſpoke to him, and when he had finiſhed his adventures in Egypt, and had ſtolen back to France, he paſſed by him at the grand dinner, that was given to the Generals of the Republic, a ſhort time before his uſurpation, ſtaring him in the face, and ſaying to General Lalnes, in the hearing of Paine, "the Engliſh are all alike in every country,—they are all raſcals."

"Mr. Paine thinks the Egyptian expedition was determined on, in conſequence of the rejection of this project of Bonaparte by the Council; as it never was either in their contemplation, or that of the government, to invade England, but only to keep us upon the *qui vive*, and to divert our attention from other objects. Beſides which, the popularity and inflammatory mind of Bonaparte were ſo exceſſive, that they were glad to get rid of him at any rate, Paine entertains the moſt deſpicable opinion of Bonaparte's conduct, military as well as civil, and thinks him the completeſt charlatan ever exiſted."

For the length of our extracts we make no apology—they illuſtrate in many important reſpects that moſt bloody and outrageous of all political changes—the French Revolution.

LVII. AN ACCOUNT *of the* CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, *containing an Hiſtorical View of its original Settlement by the Dutch, its Capture by the Britiſh in* 1795, *and the different Policy purſued there by the Dutch and Britiſh Governments. Alſo a Sketch of its Geography, Productions, the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Inhabitants, &c. &c. with a View of the Political and Commercial Advantages which might be derived from its Poſſeſſion by Great Britain. By* CAPTAIN ROBERT PERCIVAL, *of His Majeſty's Eighteenth or Royal Iriſh Regiment; and Author of an Account of the Iſland of Ceylon.* 339 *pages, quarto. Baldwin.* 1*l.*

THE ſenſible and intelligent author of the Account of Ceylon has employed his abilities to advantage on the Cape of Good Hope, that remarkable portion of the African continent.

The volume contains ſeventeen chapters. Take the following ſpecimens.

Cape Town and its vicinity is thus deſcribed.

"After leaving Round-a-Boſch and proceeding two miles further, you find yourſelf on a line with the foot of Tiger or Devil Hill, which riſes on your left hand; and on your right is the head of Table Bay, which with the town now opens to view. Here the ſtranger is greatly ſtruck with the grand, beautiful, and variegated appearance of the proſpect before him, and on each ſide of him; and his pleaſure is ſtill more heightened by the different appearance of the uncouth, barren, and ſandy tract, which he has juſt traverſed.

"Nothing can exceed the general effect of this ſcenery. On your right hand appears the meadows and low lands, the batteries and redoubts ſtretching along the ſhore, the ſcattered ranges of ſtore-houſes, hoſpitals, arſenals, and guard-houſes, connected with thoſe batteries, and with the different poſts. The long ſandy and circular beach, bordering the Table Bay, comes cloſe up here, and boldly ſweeps round in the form of a creſcent. The Table Bay preſents itſelf full in view with the men of war, and various other veſſels at anchor, while numerous ſhips are ſeen coming in and going out under full ſail. The country beyond the bay to the right gradually aſcends from the ſhore in ſmall green ſheep hills, while the high hills and mountains ſtretch along in one

great unbroken range. On the left hand appears the Tiger Hill which you are immediately under; the redoubts and batteries regularly ſlope down its ſides from near the ſummit to where you ſtand. The Table Mountain, ſo awfully grand, riſes majeſtically above all the reſt. The deep chaſms in its ſides are relieved by the Company's gardens at its foot, and the plantations and gardens which ſkirt the back of the town, while the groves of ſilver and other trees ſcattered in various places appear ſprouting out of the rocky eminences. The Liewen's Koep or Lion's Head, ſo called by the Dutch, and by us commonly the Sugar Loaf, from its conic form, ſeems attached to the Table Mountain; and beyond the Lion's Head, the Liewen's Staart, or Lion's Rump, extends like a half-moon till it comes oppoſite to where you ſtand, and terminates cloſe to the ſhore at Table Bay, a mile beyond the town in a ſloping green point. Immediately oppoſite appears the town like an amphitheatre, large, regular, and well built. The houſes are all well plaſtered and white-waſhed, and this adds conſiderably to the uncommon neatneſs of its appearance from a diſtance. Beyond the town the Amſterdam and Chevone batteries, near the edge of the bay and cloſe to Green Point, complete this noble and grand view, which is ſcarcely equalled in any part of the world. Such is the delightful proſpect preſented to the traveller on his approach to Cape Town; nor is he leſs ſtruck with the new appearances which preſent themſelves when he comes more minutely to examine the place and its various inhabitants.

"The Cape Town is pleaſantly ſituated, nearly parallel to the upper end of Table Bay, on a ſloping ſandy or rather gravelly plain, which riſes with an eaſy aſcent to the foot of the three great hills, the Tiger Hill, the Table Mountain, and the Lion's Head. With the Lion's Head is connected the Lion's Rump, which defends Table Bay from the weſterly winds, and ſkirting the ſhore forms a barrier to the town from that ſide. Two very ſtrong batteries are placed here facing the ſea; that neareſt the Green Point is called the Chevone. It has, level with the ſea, one great tier of guns, and farther back, but more elevated, another range, with a flanking redoubt at each end, to enfilade both edges of the ſhore. This battery is capable of greatly annoying ſhips ſtanding into the bay, immediately on their rounding Green Point. A quarter of a mile from this battery, and towards the town, is another ſtrong battery called the Amſterdam, with a rampart round it, and bomb proof. There are caſements and magazines inſide, where priſoners of war are generally confined. It is capable of containing at leaſt two hundred troops, in the ranges of barracks and ſtore-houſes in the body of the work. The Amſterdam battery is well defended on the land ſide by ſeveral pices of cannon, planted on the rampart, which is not the caſe with the Chevone; this laſt having only a range of guard houſes for the troops on duty, and a ſmall arſenal for military ſtores. Troops attacking this latter poſt have to encounter little obſtruction from the land ſide. The lower tier of guns could never be brought to bear, except towards the ſea, and a coup-de-main might eaſily carry the upper. I would not, however, lead my countrymen into an error, by repreſenting the obſtacles in their way as trifling, ſhould it ever be their object to attack the Cape Town by ſea from the Table Bay ſide. Having been ſeveral times on guard at the Chevone in the year 1796, I had an opportunity of minutely obſerving the ſeveral defences at this ſide of the town; and of conſidering the way moſt likely to ſucceed in making an attack from thence. Thoſe two batteries, the Chevone and the Amſterdam, are certainly very terrific in their appearance, and might render it a hazardous buſineſs for ſhips to attempt an entrance into the bay; yet were the Chevone once maſtered, and ſome ſhips drawn up abreaſt of the Amſterdam, it could not poſſibly long hold out, eſpecially when attacked with that ardour and ſpirit which I have ſo often witneſſed in our brave ſeamen.

"It would be neceſſary at the ſame time, for the ſake of co-operation, to land troops at the back of Green Point, where, though ſome parts are ſhoally, there are partial ſpots of ſandy beach without much ſurf, and only a few ſmall batteries or guns planted at

intervals. Kickein de Potte, as the Dutch name a ſmall battery here, could not make much reſiſtance; and the diſtance from thence to the Chevone is very ſhort. There is no good anchorage oppoſite the Chevone; a ſhip cannot anchor there, although ſhe may near the Amſterdam. Still if it were found impoſſible to carry theſe batteries by aſſault, they might be paſſed, and ſhips might keept at ſome diſtance towards the other ſide of the bay. After paſſing the Amſterdam, there are no batteries by the town towards the ſea, except a ſmall one at Raggou Bay; and the caſtle is too far off to do much injury to the ſhips at anchor; indeed they may anchor completely beyond its reach, at the diſtance of three or four miles from it. The wind to ſerve for an attack conducted in this manner, ſhould be weſt, or weſt north weſt. Theſe obſervations are merely thrown out as hints which may be improved upon by officers of maturer judgment and greater experience. The other ſide of the town is flanked by the Devil's Hill, which forms a barrier, and ſhuts in the approaches from the Wineberg ſide, except a narrow ſpace between it and Table Bay. This ſpace is ſtrongly fortified with lines, redoubts, and batteries, moſt of them added by the Engliſh; for the Cape on our firſt arrival was but in a poor ſtate of defence, compared with that in which it was left by us. Cloſe to the entrance of the town is the caſtle, which is a large and extenſive building, of a pentagonal form, ſurrounded by a ditch, which was always dry during my ſtay there. The ramparts are ſtrong, and built of large blocks, of a kind of reddiſh granite. A number of cannon are planted on the walls in every direction, ſo as to command the approach, as well as the town itſelf, and the part of Table Bay oppoſite. Inſide the walls are two regular oblong ſquares, in the outer of which are barracks for a regiment of foot, with guard houſes at each ſide of the gateway, and over them a handſome meſs-room for the officers. In the inner ſquare are the quarters of the principal officers both civil and military. The governor has apartments in the caſtle, though he ſeldom uſes them. All the public offices of government are in this ſquare; all the papers of conſequence are lodged, and all important buſineſs tranſacted in the caſtle.

"The ſituation of Cape Town is ſingularly well choſen; and the Dutch certainly deſerve great credit for the regularity and convenience with which it is laid out. It is divided by five ſtreets, running in a parallel direction from the ſhores or edge of the bay towards the Table Mountain, with five other ſtreets interſected by lanes at regular intervals, which croſs the larger ſtreets at right angles, and run from one end of the town to the other, beginning from the ſtreet bordering the eſplanade, and ending towards the Lion's Rump. The whole town is ſeen in one view, although very large. You can land from the ſhipping in the bay at any part of the beach, which is bordered by a very long ſtreet, extending quite from the caſtle to the Amſterdam battery, upwards of a mile in length. This proves a wonderful convenience to the trading ſhips, which can thus take in water from ſeveral ſtreams which run down from the hills through the town in various parts of the beach. Moſt of the ſtreets are wide, airy, and ſpacious, planted with oak trees entwined in each other, which ſhade the houſes and take off the great glare occaſioned by the reflection of the ſun from the white houſes, and from the Table Mountain. They alſo ſerve to break the violence of the ſoutheaſt winds, to which the town is much expoſed. Several of the ſtreets have ſmall canals of water running through them, quayed and walled in, which, with the regular rows of trees, and the uniformity of the ſtreets, have a very fine effect to the eye.

"The officers and inhabitants frequently aſſemble to converſe by the ſides of thoſe canals, and ſit on the low walls under the ſhade of the trees planted at their edges.

"The ſtreets in general are kept in tolerably good order. A few of the principal ones are paved; the reſt, though unpaved, are firm and hard from the nature of the ſoil, which is a ſolid bed of ſandy clay, covered lightly with a reddiſh gravel. The duſt here is extremely diſagreeable, and flies about in aſtoniſhing quantities. When the ſoutheaſt winds prevail with violence, one can ſcarcely

ſee their way through the ſtreets; indeed it is hardly poſſible to ſtir out of doors. As ſoon as the ſoutheaſt wind makes its appearance in any great degree, every houſe is cloſe ſhut up; yet ſtill this ſubtile ſand will enter and cover the table and proviſions. There is ſcarcely a bit of bread fit at thoſe periods to be eaten, it is ſo full of duſt. Even the ſhips in the bay four or five miles from the ſhore, are not exempt from their ſhare in this nuiſance; the ſand is ſoon perceived on the ropes, which acquire a harſh and gritty feel in pulling. The roads are at this ſeaſon, as it may eaſily be imagined, in a ſtill more diſagreeable ſtate. A Dutchman would think himſelf in danger of being deſtroyed if he travelled at that time. The inhabitants indeed ſeemed ſurpriſed at the temerity and careleſſneſs of our countrymen reſpecting thoſe evils. It is a great pity the ſtreets of Cape Town were not all paved and regularly ſweeped; as by this means a great deal of this inconvenience might be remedied at a ſmall expence.

"There are three ſquares in the town. In the principal one are ſeveral very excellent houſes and handſome public buildings. The Stadthouſe is a large expenſive ſtructure, but very heavy. The vaults underneath are uncommonly ſpacious, and are generally rented from government at a very great price, by the merchants, who ſtore in them an immenſe quantity of wine. The high court of juſtice is held in the Stadthouſe, and the burghers alſo aſſemble here to conſider queſtions relative to the regulation of the town, at the order of the fiſcal or mayor, who under the Dutch government has very great powers. In the ſecond ſquare are held the markets, where fruit, vegetables, and other articles are ſold by the blacks and ſlaves for their maſters. The third ſquare, called the Hottenton-ſquare, is principally the place where the Dutch boors and farmers reſort to, and where the Hottentots, who are waggon-drivers, put up. All horſes and cattle are bought and ſold in this laſt ſquare, which is indeed rather a broad irregular ſpace, ſituated above the town near the foot of the Lion's Rump. Between the town and caſtle is another very large ſquare, or more properly a green level plain, divided and bounded by canals, which run down to the beach, and carry off the refuſe of the ſewers. This is the grand parade of the garriſon, and may be called the eſplanade to the Caſtle. The barracks form one ſide of this parade, and the town bounds it on the other. The extreme ſtreet which runs quite from the edge of Raggou Bay up to the entrance of the Company's garden, a very long, handſome, and ſhady ſtreet, with a canal before it, fronts the parade, and has a very pretty effect. Table Bay and part of a new ſtreet by the water ſide, form the third ſide of this eſplanade; and the caſtle cloſes in the fourth.

"At this ſide is the place of execution uſed by the Dutch for the puniſhment of their ſlaves and black criminals. Upon a ſmall incloſed eminence a rack and wheel, with a couple of gibbets, are erected, as terrible warnings of the cruelties ready to be exerciſed there. The barbarous mode of putting criminals to the torture was aboliſhed by the Engliſh governor immediately on his taking poſſeſſion of the Cape; as a practice altogether incompatible with the feelings of our countrymen. The Dutch always put their malefactors to death by the ſevereſt torments, and generally executed them by torch-light. General Craig changed the place of execution, and removed it to the Sandy Beach, near the head of Table Bay. Amongſt the inſtruments of death employed by the Dutch, were found many diſgraceful implements of torture, all of which were deſtroyed by our people, as a reproach to human nature.

The barracks are very extenſive, well-built, and with great regularity and neatneſs. They were originally intended for an hoſpital, but have latterly been much enlarged by the Dutch, and two additional wings built to them at the angles. Thoſe barracks are capable of containing three regiments, one of them cavalry; and alſo magazines for artillery, and ſtores for grain. At the back of one of the wings of this building is a long range of offices, where the government ſlaves are kept; and attached to it a houſe of correction for ſlaves and people of colour committing petty offences, who are taken out every morning to work at the government offices, the batte-

ries, or military building, under the ſuperintendence of the police officers. There are ſeparate wards for the males and females confined here; and on certain days a party of them are ſent about under a proper guard, to clean the ſtreets of any dirt or nuiſances. A certain quantity of victuals is allowed to them daily at the expenſe of government; for the Dutch owners who ſend refractory ſlaves, or thoſe guilty of ſmall petty offences, hither for puniſhment, which they are obliged to do inſtead of puniſhing them with their own hands, (a very ſalutary, uſeful, and proper regulation), do not ſupport them whilſt they are thus deprived of their labour. Thoſe ſlaves are uſually chained and coupled together, to prevent their making their eſcape, and, when let out to work, are very ſtrictly and cloſely watched, till locked up again at night. The priſon for debtors is near the beach of Raggou Bay, and here all criminal trials are held.

"There are a Calviniſt and a Lutheran church belonging to the town, both very handſome and ſpacious ſtructures, particularly the former, where the Governor and military go to hear divine ſervice. The ſteeple of this church is thatched with reeds, on account of the violent winds, which would ſoon demoliſh any other ſpecies of covering.

"There is an orphan-ſchool in the town for children, belonging to the lower orders and to the ſoldiery. A certain number of theſe are annually received and educated at the expenſe of the government, till ſuch time as they are fit to be put to trades, or placed in the regiments or public offices.

"The Engliſh Governor eſtabliſhed an hoſpital about a mile from the town near the head of Table Bay. It conſiſts of a long range of buildings fronting the ſea, and great attention was paid to this department under our government. The number of our ſick, while we retained poſſeſſion of the Cape, was very few in proportion to the number of troops which compoſed the garriſon. It has been often known that out of five thouſand men quartered in the town, and encamped round it, ſcarcely forty were in the general hoſpital at one time, and very few of thoſe on account of malignant diſorders, or ſuch as are incident to this climate. The Engliſh found the Cape to anſwer their conſtitutions and habits much better than the natural inhabitants of it, and were in general much more healthy than the Dutch, which muſt be principally attributed to their different habits of living. The Cape, with great juſtice, is eſteemed the healthieſt climate in the world. Our troops being daily uſed to moderate exerciſe in the performance of their military manœuvres, and having a ſufficient and comfortable meal of plain beef and mutton, with bread and vegetables, and a pint of Cape wine, continued ſtrong and healthy. Their diſtempers here chiefly proceeded from a too free uſe of the common thin wine, which is procured at a very cheap rate, and ſometimes cauſes bowel complaints. Conſumptions and ulcers ſeemed the only diſtempers attended to any extent with fatal conſequences to our countrymen. In ſome inſtances the ſmalleſt ſore on a man's leg has cauſed the loſs of the limb; and the great change from hot to cold at certain periods of the year, proves at times very deſtructive to conſumptive habits. The Dutch from their lazy, liſtleſs, inactive habits of life, and exceſs in eating heavy groſs food, are much more ſubject to diſeaſes than our countrymen. Apoplexies, dropſies, liver complaints, and eruptions all over their bodies, are frequent among them. Of the meazles and ſmall-pox they are dreadfully afraid; and by the laws of their government no perſon infected with thoſe diſorders can land in the colony. The inſtant a ſhip arrives in the Table Bay and anchors, the doctor or health maſter, is ſent on board to inſpect the ſtate of the crew, and a report of their being in a healthy ſtate muſt firſt be made to the Governor before any perſon is allowed to land. Nay it is neceſſary for each individual to certify his having had the ſmall-pox in Europe, with all the ſymptoms he can recollect of the diſeaſe.

"In different parts of the town are guard houſes, and ſtations where troops are conſtantly on duty; in company with the police officers they patrole the ſtreets, and take up all diſorderly perſons, and prevent any aſſemblages of the ſlaves or black inhabitants, and drunken ſailors.

"The houſes in Cape Town are large and ſpacious, and in general

built with great regularity and uniformity, moſt of them three or four ſtories high. They are conſtructed of brick or a reddiſh granite ſtone, plaſtered and white-waſhed outſide, and many highly ſtuccoed and painted within. The roofs are moſtly flat with terraces, and are covered with ſquare red tiles, large, firm, and well cemented together. This mode of roofing the houſes is adopted to prevent damage from the very violent winds; and in the hot ſeaſon it alſo affords a pleaſant place to walk or ſit in, and enjoy the proſpect with the benefit of the ſea breeze wafting over the houſes.

"Thoſe houſes which are conically or ſlauntingly roofed, are covered with thatch of reeds or ſtraw of Indian corn, remarkably well bound; tiles, from the fury of the winds, would ſoon be torn away, and might ſeverely wound or cruſh to death the paſſengers in the ſtreets. This laſt manner of building the roofs of their houſes is much diſcouraged, as accidents have in conſequence frequently happened from fire. During my ſtay at Cape Town two or three alarming fires broke out, which were nearly being attended with very ſerious conſequences; for the fire ſpreads here much more rapidly than in any town of Europe, owing to the nature of the materials uſed in building, which the dry hot weather renders quite combuſtible. Many of the houſes have pleaſant gardens behind, and in front a neat porch or ſtoop as the Dutch call it, raiſed a few ſteps from the ground, and running the whole length of the houſe. They are encloſed with a parapet or wall three or four feet high, and have a ſeat or bench at each end, neatly flagged with red tiles highly poliſhed, or blue flags brought from Roben Iſland, which lies at ſome diſtance out in the bay.

"The houſes are remarkably neat within; the rooms lofty and well furniſhed. Nothing can exceed the cleanlineſs of their floors; all the lower part of the houſe is laid with highly poliſhed ſquare red tiles, and the ſtaircaſes and upper rooms and galleries with oak kept in as good order as our moſt valuable mahogany dining tables. To have the floors preſerved in the moſt beautiful ſtate ſeems to be the firſt care of the lady of the houſe. The houſes are ſo well laid out as always to poſſeſs apartments which are cool and refreſhing at every ſeaſon. It is often remarked by Engliſhmen, that there are a greater number of well built houſes for its ſize at the Cape than in any town in England. It ſeems crowded with inhabitants; although we ſaw it in its thinneſt ſtate, many of the Dutch citizens having retired into the country on the Engliſh coming before it.

"Many new houſes were erected by our countrymen, who came out to ſettle here on commercial buſineſs, or in the ſervice of our government. Thoſe houſes are handſomely built after the Engliſh ſtyle of brick retaining the natural colour, which is certainly much better on many accounts than having them whitened; a cuſtom that in the hot ſeaſon produces an inſufferable glare.

"Beſides the offices attached to the back part of every houſe, there are ſeparate ranges and yards ſet apart for the ſlaves, ſtrongly paliſadoed and barricaded to prevent any communication with the former. Here thoſe ſlaves who are not highly in their confidence, or not bred up to houſehold offices, are locked up every night. At the north end of the town, towards the Table mountain, are the Company's gardens, very extenſive and elegantly laid out. At the entrance which faces one of the principal ſtreets extending quite to the bay, is the town guard, where a captain, two ſubalterns, and one hundred men are daily on duty. The canal at this end is very deep, and ſhamefully out of repair, the parapet being every where broken down. This circumſtance occaſioned a melancholy accident to an officer, a paſſenger in the ſhip with me from India, on the firſt day of his landing. Lieutenant Hewey of the 77th, the gentleman I alluded to, having left the houſe where he dined after dark, tumbled headlong into the canal and was killed cloſe by the guard. An officer of the navy broke his leg a ſhort time before, but ſtill it was allowed to remain in the ſame ſtate, and probably ſtill continues to do ſo. At the entrance of the garden is a pair of very handſome gates fronting the grand walk, which runs the whole length of the garden, and is as broad as the Bird Cage Walk in St. James's Park. It is neatly rolled and gravelled; and each ſide is thickly planted

with oak, low elms, myrtle, laurel, and geraniums. On the left ſide is a canal, which is always filled with water from the Table Mountain, and runs from the garden into the town. Through an arch at one ſide of the entrance, you croſs this canal into the pleaſure garden by a neat Chineſe bridge. The whole of this extenſive piece of ground contains about forty acres, regularly divided into four ſquares or quarters, by broad walks croſſing each other at right angles, planted and bounded by thick hedges of thoſe trees already mentioned, from ſix to twelve feet high, with large lofty and ſpreading trees, interſperſed at intervals, and from their expanded branches ſhading nearly the whole walk. In the firſt diviſion on your left hand is the governor's houſe, which is a very handſome and large building, having a great number of rooms. From its being ſo near the Table Mountain, and ſubject to the violent winds which ruſh directly down; the houſe is built only two ſtory high. The offices attached to it are many and well laid out, in two ſeparate ranges. One contains the kitchens, cellars, and offices for the governor's ſervants; the other is for the guards, ſlaves, ſtables, &c. In front of the houſe is a ſpot laid out as a pleaſure garden or ſhrubbery, with a fountain or baſin of water, in the midſt of which are ſeveral ſpouts and water works. You ſtep at once into this pleaſant ſpot, from the grand walk by the Chineſe bridge already mentioned. There is here a botanical garden, where a variety of curious exotics are reared; ſeveral from Europe, many from India, Otaheite, and other parts of the world. Among others I have obſerved the tea plant, and bread fruit tree. The Dutch deſtroyed ſeveral of the bread fruit trees before they ſurrendered Cape Town to the Engliſh; and latterly they had neglected the botanic garden very much. When I firſt arrived at the Cape in 1796, it was in the worſt poſſible order, General Craig not having then had leiſure to attend to its improvement. When Lord Macartney came here as governor, he ordered it to be replanted and laid out, and procured a great number of very curious plants from Aſia, Europe, Africa and South America; moſt of which arrived very well. On my return in 1801 to the Cape, I obſerved with much pleaſure the very great improvement made in this garden by the Engliſh, who were ever actuated by the moſt liberal ſpirit in every tranſaction which could benefit the Cape, and have made this garden of real uſe as well as ornament to the Town. The generoſity of our countrymen in this excellent management and general improvement of the colony was the greater, as it was never ſuppoſed with any confidence that it would be retained by us as a permanent acquiſition. Inſtead of confining their attentions to the fortifications and the military economy of the ſettlement, which might have been reckoned neceſſary for their own ſecurity, our governors and other officers here were of ſingular benefit to the colony in pointing out the way to farther cultivation, and commencing many valuable improvements.

"The diviſion oppoſite the botanical garden is well planted with vegetables and garden ſtuffs of all kinds for the uſe of the government houſe and the principal officers. Above this is another larger ſpace laid out in the ſame manner, to ſupply the troops and ſhipping. This diviſion was originally laid out by the Dutch Eaſt India Company, for the purpoſe of ſupplying their ſhipping when they arrived, with vegetables, &c. an article ſo eſſentially neceſſary to the health of their people after a long voyage. Every ſhip got a certain quantity daily, free of expence. The garden was ſo large, and the attention paid to it ſo aſſiduous, that there was always enough to ſupply the ſhipping occaſionally touching here, as well as the troops in garriſon. For the laſt two or three years before the arrival of the Engliſh, the planting and dreſſing of this as well as the botanic garden were much neglected; the reaſon they aſſigned was, that on account of the war they could not procure a proper ſupply of ſeeds from Europe; and that thoſe produced at the Cape ſoon degenerate, and require to be renewed with a freſh ſtock every three or four years. The ſea-cole, and the nopal, or prickly pear, thrive here in great abundance, being the natural produce of the country, and an excellent ſubſtitute for

cabbages and ſuch like vegetables. Fruit trees are planted in the borders of the ſeveral diviſions of the garden, and are ſurrounded by hedges of low oaks, elms, laurel intermixed with myrtle and other ſpreading trees of a thick foliage, to ſhelter them from the violent winds, and to cool the walks in the heat of the ſummer ſeaſon. At the farther end of the garden is a place railed in and paliſadoed as a menagerie, where the Dutch government keep African wild beaſts and animals of every deſcription, as well as thoſe they could procure from other parts of the world.

"This menagerie was uncommonly well filled, and greatly ſuperior to any thing of the kind known in this country. It is indeed difficult to ſay, whether the menagerie or the aviary was the moſt completely ſtocked with rare and curious animals. Previous to the arrival of the Engliſh, the Dutch governor diſpoſed of moſt of this collection, and very few of the rarer animals were left behind. I had an opportunity of ſeeing a large collection at the houſe of a Dutchman, Mynheer de Boers, at Cape Town, who had bought a number from government, and beſides had collected others himſelf, and afterwards expoſed them to public view for a dollar.

"The oſtriches were quite tame and domeſticated; I frequently ſaw nine or ten grazing in the fields round the town, and in the ſtreets, picking up any thing that came in their way. I have often ſeen them ſwallow ſtones, pieces of iron, and old nails. Thoſe creatures were quite familiar, and allowed the little black boys to get on their backs and ride them about. Every evening theſe oſtriches returned to their owner's houſe, as cows would to their milking place.

"That beautiful animal, of the horſe ſpecies, called zebra, I have alſo ſeen quietly grazing in the fields above the town. It is aſſerted by naturaliſts, that the zebra could never be tamed or brought to a docile and tractable ſtate; yet I have myſelf witneſſed the contrary; and can contradict the accounts of this animal's untameable diſpoſiton, from having ſeen him, with my own eye, as gentle and as inoffenſive as the patient aſs, picking up thiſtles by the ſide of the road.

"At the upper end of the garden ſtands a wine-houſe, or tavern, with a billiard-table and ſkittle ground; where the inhabitants amuſe themſelves, and the officers from the ſhips frequently go to dine."

We alſo add chapter the 8th, as further illuſtrative of this ſingular country.

"Table Bay, which takes its name from the high land immediately over Cape Town, is a very large commodious harbour, waſhing and bordering the north-weſt ſhore of this peninſula, as Falſe Bay does the ſouth eaſt. It lies in 33 deg. 55 min. ſouth latitude, and 18 deg. 30 min. eaſt longitude. In the ſummer ſeaſon, from September till May, Table Bay is a ſafe and ſecure harbour, as the wind is generally from the ſouth-eaſt quarter during that period, and blows out of the bay. At that ſeaſon, a ſhip, if ſhe parts from her anchors has nothing to do but to ſtand out to ſea, and wait till the violence of the ſouth eaſt wind is over. The north-weſt winds that blow full into the bay, are attended with the utmoſt danger, and cannot be avoided, as they find the veſſels on a lee ſhore. They rarely indeed riſe to any degree of violence except in the winter ſeaſon, at which period ſhips on that account never remain here; nor are they ſuffered by government to remain here till September; for fear of being ſurpriſed by theſe winds, which has ſometimes been the caſe; and if in that event they part with their anchors, they muſt be unavoidably loſt. A melancholy inſtance of this occurred in the loſs of the Sceptre man of war a few years ago. A violent and unexpected north-weſt wind coming on, ſhe parted from her anchors and drove on ſhore, where ſhe was in a very ſhort time knocked to pieces and moſt of her officers and crew loſt. It is a very great diſadvantage to this bay, and all others at the Cape, that ſhipping cannot be hove down and repaired thoroughly, owing to the nature of the ſhores of this peninſula, and the violent winds which ſuddenly ſpring up, and would prove inevitable deſtruction to a veſſel if caught by them while refitting. Our fleets have felt this inconvenience very much whilſt on this ſtation. The only inſtance known of refitting a veſſel here was that which I have already men-

tioned, by orders of Admiral Elphinſtone, which was fortunately attended with ſucceſs.

"From the ſhore to the foot of Table Mountain, there is about a mile and a half riſing on a gentle ſlope. The effect which the town and mountains have on the eye, from a veſſel at anchor in the bay, is uncommonly ſtriking.

"The back of Cape Town is bounded by a long range of mountains extending in the form of a creſcent, and bounding it from both ſides. The Table Hill, which lies nearly in the centre of the range, is calculated to be four thouſand feet above the level of the ſea. It derives its name from the level ſurface of its ſummit. Its north front directly faces the town, and riſes in a bold perpendicular form, having one great chaſm in its middle, and divided by another from the two great hills called the Tiger Mountain and the Lion's Head, which forms wings to the Table Mountain. On the left is the Tiger Hill, at the entrance to the town from Wineberg; it is called Tiger Hill, from its being formerly much infeſted with thoſe animals. On the right of the Table is the Lion's Head, commonly called by our people the Sugar Loaf Hill, from its conical ſummit. Thoſe three hills, extending ſix miles in length, may be looked upon as having originally formed one mountain; for they ſeem to have been ſeparated by ſome ſubſequent convulſion of nature. The Sugar Loaf Hill is lower and ſteeper than the Table, being almoſt quite perpendicular. General Craig ordered a gun to be planted on the top of it, to give ſignals of the approach of ſhipping. It was dragged up by the Engliſh ſailors and ſoldiers with great difficulty and labour, by means of ropes and pullies. A ſignal poſt and flags were placed here to denote the number and appearance of the ſhipping in ſight, and a guard-houſe for a few men on duty.—[The Dutch had ſignals to denote if any of the different bays were poſſeſſed by an enemy, by means of different coloured flags, changed monthly, and known only to the Governor and the Captains of ſhips, ſo that the latter might not run into any of the bays and be taken in the net.]—Adjoining the Sugar Loaf, is the Liewers Staart, or the Lion's Rump, ſo called from the reſemblance it bears to a lion in a couching poſture. This hill is neither ſo high nor ſo ſteep as the former. There are alſo guns and poſts erected all along this hill; which receives the alarm from the former, and communicates it to the town and caſtle in a few moments. The whole ſurface of the Lion's Rump has a pleaſant, freſh and green appearance. Houſes and plantations are ſcattered on the declivity, and towards the extremity of it, which extends quite to the bay, and incloſes the town, as I before mentioned, at Green Point. The ride is beautiful, from the extenſive view it commands, as you paſs along the ſlope of the hill, and aſcend towards the top. The Engliſh officers marked out a race ground near it, where they were accuſtomed to have during their ſtay here, ſome races every month, and a grand match once a year, which laſted for ſome days. This has been attended with one very beneficial effect to the colony, that ſince racing commenced at the Cape, the breed of horſes has been conſiderably improved.

"The Table Mountain and the Lion's Head are but indifferently covered with verdure; indeed I may ſay, they are almoſt completely bare, and even the very few trees and buſhes which grow up and down are withered and ſtunted with the violent ſouth-eaſt winds, and have a pale and blighted appearance. Few of them grow to more than ſix feet in height, and thoſe few are generally found ſheltered by the cliffs, and watered by rills of water guſhing from the rocks, which preſerve them in the dry ſeaſon, and render them healthy and vigorous. The Table Mountain is a very great object of curioſity. No ſtranger who viſits the Cape ſhould let ſlip the opportunity of viſiting it and gaining its ſummit, from whence he will be highly gratified by one of the nobleſt proſpects in the univerſe. Indeed every perſon who has ſtrength ſufficient to undergo the fatigue of aſcending, eagerly ſeizes the opportunity of enjoying this gratification. It is, however, a work of ſome difficulty, and even danger, to arrive at the top; and requires the aſſiſtance of ſkilful guides to point out the eaſieſt paths, and how to avoid the chaſms and rocks which ſo frequently intercept

the aſcent of the traveller. The mountain is alſo much infeſted with runaway ſlaves, belonging to the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Town, who lurk about in the caverns and receſſes of the mountain, and ſometimes attack travellers who are not ſufficiently protected by numbers. Though few inſtances have occured of murder being committed by thoſe people, yet they are very apt to rob and plunder. It has been found a very difficult attempt to root out thoſe depredators, as they have ſo many hiding places, and are ſo well acquainted with every corner of the mountain. At night thoſe unfortunate creatures who fly hither from the cruel uſage of their maſters, and who have not an opportunity of relieving their wants by plunder, ſteal into the ſkirts of the town to obtain a ſupply of proviſions from ſome of their old comrades and brother ſlaves, with whom they keep up a correſpondence.

"But the riſk you run of meeting with any of thoſe runaway ſlaves is by no means equal to the danger of being overtaken with thoſe thick and fleecy clouds which ſo frequently envelope the mountain. Before you venture to explore the Table Hill, it is highly neceſſary, if you are not perfectly acquainted with the climate of the Cape yourſelf, to aſk the opinion and advice of an experienced inhabitant of the town; for the mountain is often ſuddenly covered with thick clouds, which would prevent a traveller from finding his way back for two or three days. On this account it is neceſſary to wait till certain appearances of the weather indicate that no immediate danger from thoſe clouds is to be expected. The inhabitants of the Cape, from long obſervation, are well acquainted with all the ſymptoms of the approaching weather. The appearance of two remarkable clouds over the ſummit of the mountain enables them, with a great degree of certainty, to prognoſticate what weather will follow. From the quarter whence they proceed, their firſt formation, colour, and the manner in which they bend their courſe, a Dutchman will tell with little danger of ever being deceived, what will be the conſequence. He will be able to inform you of an approaching ſouth-eaſt wind, and whether it will be violent and laſting, or light and paſſing. Thoſe fleecy clouds which envelope the mountain, and are generally the forerunner of a violent ſouth-eaſt wind, are really ſingular and curious in their appearances, as well as extraordinary in their effects, which depend very much upon their manner of formation. On the firſt appearance of thoſe clouds they are ſmall, of a dark bluiſh colour, and are ſeen coming over the ſummit of Table Hill from the ſouth, and paſſing on towards the Tiger Hill in a ſlow progreſſive manner, gradually increaſing into one vaſt cloud which covers the mountains; when a terrible ſouth-eaſt wind immediately enſues. Sometimes theſe clouds laſt for ſeveral days together; though it often happens that the violence of the ſouth-eaſt wind laſts a long time after they diſappear. When this immenſe body of clouds is formed, it is ſeen deſcending and rolling furiouſly down the mountain towards the town, which a ſtranger would imagine it was about to enter; and the threatening appearance of theſe volumes might ſeem to portend ſome alarming conſequences to the health of the inhabitants; but on being arrived better than half way down this phenomenon vaniſhes; for it never comes within a certain diſtance of the foot of Table Hill. As thoſe clouds are always the forerunners of an approaching ſouth-eaſt wind, it is a common obſervation with the Dutch to ſay when they ſee their firſt formation, "that the Devil is going to dinner, and that he has laid the cloth on Table Mountain." They then ſhut up their windows and doors, and keep in their houſes till the ſtorm is over.

"During the time I was at the Cape I made ſeveral excurſions to the Table Mountain, and ſucceeded in arriving at the ſummit three times; thoſe clouds having in my other attemps prevented me from proſecuting my journey the whole way. Each time I went up by a different route, and found them all extremely difficult and fatiguing. The moſt convenient and leaſt intricate was from Wineberg by the back of the mountain, but this way was much leſs intereſting than from the ſides in view of Cape Town; and I had little more gratification in the journey than the proſpect from the top. Though the paſſage

up from Wineberg is much eaſier, yet being at ſo great a diſtance from Cape Town, it is only uſed by thoſe officers quartered here, and their occaſional viſitors.

"The general way by which travellers reſiding at Cape Town aſcend, is by the north ſide of the mountain immediately facing the town. On taking this route you proceed through the Company's gardens, at the upper end of which is a gate that brings you quite beyond the outſkirts. From this you proceed for nearly a mile by a gradual aſcent, the way very rough, rocky, and uneven; after which you come to a moſt awful and grand chaſm, that ſeems to divide the table into two parts, and extends to within a ſhort diſtance of the ſummit. On my arrival at this immenſe cleft I found the benefit of an experienced guide. The chaſm is ſeen to ſome diſtance at ſea, and there are beſides ſeveral ſmaller ones on its north ſide. The great chaſm is upwards of ſeventy yards in breadth, and ſlightly covered here and there with ſmall trees, and ſhrubs ſprouting out of the rocks. The echo which reverberates here is tremendous, and the ſenſations of the ſtranger who aſcends are intermingled with aſtoniſhment, anxiety, and apprehenſion. After getting out of the chaſm you have to get over the rugged paths intercepted by projecting rocks and cliffs, which renders the journey very tireſome and difficult. After ſurmounting theſe obſtacles I at laſt arrived at the ſummit, which forms a level plain, interſperſed with a few ſmall ponds of water. I found the air here colder than in Cape Town by at leaſt 15 degrees; although in ſeveral parts of the journey up, the heat was very diſtreſſing.

"The proſpect from the top of Table Hill, however, amply recompenced the toils of attaining it. It was extenſive, almoſt beyond any idea my imagination had formed: the height from the ſummit to the level of the ſea being reckoned about 4000 feet, and from the outſkirts of the town near 3600. The ocean was extended all around as far as the eye could reach; except where the horizon was terminated by the diſtant mountains of Hottentot Holland and Caffree land. Every part of the colony, its mountains, its ſhores, its bays, and its plains were extended beneath my feet; yet my eye after throwing around on theſe objects a look of admiration, returned with a degree of more eager intereſt to obſerve the appearances of the beautiful cultivated ſpot which I had juſt left. The height at which I was now placed above Cape Town was infinitely greater than the top of St. Paul's, from which I had viewed London; and I amuſed myſelf with comparing the appearances which the two cities preſented. At my preſent elevation above Cape Town, it was with difficulty I could ſee the waggons moving in the ſtreets, while the people who were paſſing to and fro could only be diſtinguiſhed as little black ſpots. The town itſelf, with the regular ſtreets croſſing each other at right angles, ſeemed like a little plain interſected with lines. The ſhipping in the bay looked like ſmall boats, and the contraſt between the villages and green plantations ſurrounding the beach with the rocks, lands, and mountains, which filled out the proſpect, produced a moſt pleaſing effect on my mind. On the top of the mountain grew ſome few ſhrubs near the water; and amongſt the rocks towards the verge of the ſummit, heaths bearing ſmall flowers of a white, red, and violet colour, were the moſt predominant plants. Several ſhrubs, rare in other parts, are alſo found here. The Tiger Hill on the one ſide, and the Lion's Head or Devil Hill on the other, as I have already obſerved, are only ſeparated from the Table Mountain by great chaſms. They are evidently all three compoſed of the ſame materials, and it ſeemed therefore natural to ſuppoſe that they were rent aſunder by ſome violent convulſion of nature. Huge maſſes of rock riſing amidſt the rents, and heaped one on the other, often nearly join them. Thoſe vaſt rocks are compoſed of a ſpecies of granite, and are in ſome places only ſtrewed with a ſcanty covering of earth. The predominant colour of thoſe maſſes is a grey tinctured with a blueiſh caſt. In ſome places are incorporated ſmall pieces of a whitiſh ſhining ſtone, and a reddiſh granulated ſubſtance. In the excurſion I made to the top of Table Mountain from the ſouth-weſt part of Tiger Hill, the appearances of nature were the ſame; this way I found extremely difficult, and was

more than once on the point of giving it up, having to climb from one rock to another, and to let myſelf down from one precipice, and aſcend another with great danger. At laſt, after much time and trouble, I ſucceeded in arriving at the ſummit of the Table. In my way down, one of thoſe clouds ſuddenly came on, which for near an hour obliged me to remain in the receſs of a huge projecting rock. This fleecy cloud was evidently full of ſaline particles. My clothes and hair were wet through, and on my ſkin and face was left a kind of incruſtation ſuch as is cauſed by the ſpray ariſing from ſalt water, which confirmed me in the opinion of thoſe clouds being originally compoſed of water taken up from the ſea. In my way up, ſeveral baboons and monkeys made their appearance, ſome of them we diſturbed out of their hiding places in the rocks and clefts. One of the guides ſuddenly croſſed the place where a hyena was ſitting; his fright was greater than that of the animal, which went off very angry at being diſcompoſed by his unexpected appearance. Fortunately we were not cloſe to him, and he made no attempt to attack any of our party. I returned from my journey in the evening extremely tired, and having informed my Dutch hoſt of the route I purſued, he was very angry with his ſlave for attempting ſo dangerous a way, till I aſſured him he only acted by my particular orders; and that having already gone by the uſual road, I wiſhed to try that by the Tiger Hill.

"The climate of the Cape is reckoned one of the moſt ſalubrious in the world, a point of infinite importance to the poſſeſſors of the colony. It differs conſiderably from any of thoſe known in Europe or Aſia; and yet is found to agree remarkably with ſtrangers. Our countrymen have during their reſidence here proved its ſalutary effects on their conſtitutions, few or none of them being attacked with any diſeaſe which could be ſaid to be peculiarly incident to the climate of the Cape. The weather like the year is nearly equally divided into two ſeaſons, the wet and the dry. The former is from March to September, ſo that the ſummer commences at the Cape when it ends with us in England. The ſpring months are from about the latter end of September to the middle of December; the hotteſt weather is in January and February. The autumn commences about the latter end of March, and the winter months are June, July, and Auguſt. The chief inconveniences of the winter ariſe from the heavy fogs, miſty rains, and ſtrong north-weſt winds which prevail during that ſeaſon. In the ſummer, the great heat, the dry parching ſouth-eaſt winds, and a long want of thoſe refreſhing ſhowers which ſo often fall in Europe during our warm months, produce many diſagreeable circumſtances to the inhabitants. The ſpring months are by far the moſt agreeable and temperate, being equally free from the damp fogs of winter, and the parching and oppreſſive heat of the ſummer ſeaſon. During this agreeable period, which continues nearly four months, the Dutch undertake their journeys to their ſettlements in the interior, to ſuperintend the planting and dreſſing their farms, or to indulge themſelves in excurſions of pleaſure. The ſummer brings with it the various productions of the earth in the greateſt profuſion. The beginning of autumn is as mild and delightful as the ſpring; indeed it continues nearly the ſame throughout, except that the latter end of the autumn is more ſubject to rain. The prevailing weather of the winter is ſtormy, rainy, and cold, yet far leſs ſo than the winters of Europe. A deluge of rain not unfrequently happens during the winter, and water ſpouts are often ſeen on ſhore as well as in the bay. The torrents of rain more than once alarmed the inhabitants during our ſtay in the ſettlement, for the ſafety of the lower part of the town towards the ſea. During the inundation that took place in 1799, the water ſuddenly ruſhed from the hills over the town at the left extremity of the Table Mountain, or between it and the Tiger Hill, ſuppoſed to be cauſed by the burſting of a cloud or a water ſpout; and a great deal of miſchief enſued. It took the direction of the caſtle, which preſently had ſix feet of water in the yard, and about the works. The great body of the current being reſiſted in its courſe and turned aſide by the caſtle walls, ruſhed furiouſly down towards the ſea on both ſides of this building, meeting

in its way with the artillery barracks and ſtore houſes, which compoſed a range of building between the caſtle and the ſea, but ſtanding much lower than the former. The officers' meſs room was ſo inſtantaneouſly filled, that they who then happened to be at dinner, could ſcarcely ſave themſelves from being drowned, by making their way to the higher ſtory. The apartments of this range, which were on the ground floor, were inſtantly filled with water. One or two of the privates were unfortunately loſt in the flood, beſides ſeveral black people who were at work, or paſſing that way by accident. Fortunately few objects lay in its courſe; and the deſcent was ſo great, that it immediately reached to the ſea. Had this deluge happened ſomewhat higher up towards the town, or run through it, the damage and loſs of lives might have been very great.

"The approach of winter at the Cape is made known to the inhabitants by the appearances on the Table Mountain. The ſouth-eaſt wind blows leſs frequently and leſs violently, and that fleecy cloud, which I mentioned above, ſeldom appears along with it. The wind changes by degrees to north-weſt, and at firſt blows gently; but at length increaſes to the higheſt pitch of violence. Heavy rains now begin to deſcend, accompanied with thunder and lightning, which rarely happen at any other period of the year. This weather and the north-weſt winds ſet in ſtrongly about the end of May, and continue with a few intermiſſions till the middle of Auguſt, when the rain completely diſappears, except now and then a few wettiſh, or rather miſty days. Although it never freezes about Cape Town, ſnow is ſeen on the tops of the mountains of Hottentot Holland, and the interior of the ſouthern part: even the Table Mountain has on its ſummit a ſlight quantity, although ſo near the ſea. The thermometer is very variable at this ſeaſon; in one part of the day it is often as low as 40 degrees; and at another will aſcend to 65 or 70, making a variation of 25 or 30 degrees during the ſun's courſe.

"The ſummer is uſhered in by a clear and bright appearance of the firmament, a ſerene and light clear blue ſky, and the clouds, if there are any to be ſeen, ſteady and immoveable, arreſted in their courſe. The wind now varies from the north weſt to the ſouth-eaſt point, firſt beginning gently, and at every return increaſing in ſtrength. It is now alſo accompanied with the appearance of the fleecy cloud on Table Hill. The thermometer generally riſes from 70 to 80, 83, and 84 degrees; and it has been known even to exceed this conſiderably. I have ſeen it more than once at 100, and inſtances of its being up to 104 have occurred. Yet the conſtant circulation of air renders this climate far more endurable than that of moſt parts of the East Indies. The heat in ſummer is not ſo oppreſſive as in Ceylon and the ſouthern parts of India at the coldeſt ſeaſon. I was the better able to judge of this, as I left Madras in the cool ſeaſon, and came from thence directly to the Cape, where it was then the middle of ſummer; and although the heat ſeemed to oppreſs many of the inhabitants, I felt not in the ſlighteſt degree incommoded by it. The greateſt inconvenience I felt during my ſtay here was from the glare, and reflected heat of the houſes, and the duſt flying in clouds about the ſtreets. The mornings are more ſultry in general at the Cape than the heat of the day; for the ſouth-eaſt winds generally ſpringing up about noon, laſt till night. A temporary inconvenience is indeed occaſioned even by thoſe relieving ſouth-eaſt winds, for they carry a great quantity of heat in themſelves, and blow the duſt furiouſly about; yet the inhabitants look upon their blowing as a fortunate circumſtance, for the air is thus kept in conſtant circulation during the hot months, when no rain almoſt ever falls to refreſh the atmoſphere. The ſtagnant heat reflected from the houſes and the ſurrounding mountains, would alſo greatly overbalance the inconveniences attending the ſouth-eaſt winds. Another effect of theſe breezes, from which great benefit is derived to health, is, that thoſe great maſſes of ſea-weeds and other nuiſances, brought into the bay and thrown on the ſhore bordering the town, where they are left by the influx of the tide, to corrupt and putrify, cauſing a diſagree-

able ſmell, are, by the agitation cauſed by the violence of the ſouth-eaſt winds, removed and driven back out of the bay into the ocean. The nights in the heat of ſummer are always cool and refreſhing. Thunder and lightning happen but ſeldom in the courſe of a year, and never in that ſevere manner we experience in India, and in all the tropical climates Water hardly ever freezes at the Cape in the coldeſt ſeaſon, and when it does it diſolves again immediately.

"Many officers and gentlemen who from a long reſidence in India contract diſorders incident to that climate, and have their conſtitutions debilitated and broken, come to the Cape on account of its ſalubrious air and mild temperature. There they ſoon recover the vigour of their conſtitutions, and ſhake off many of the Indian complaints, particularly bilious habits and diſeaſes of the liver. This I experienced in a very high degree in my own caſe, being greatly reſtored during my ſtay at the Cape. Even in regard to the climate alone, the Cape is of ſingular and great advantage to be retained in our poſſeſſion, from the vaſt numbers of our countrymen in the Aſiatic world, and the great force neceſſary to be kept up there in the defence and ſecurity of our poſſeſſions. Thoſe regiments who have been firſt retained for a couple of years at the Cape, before they were ſent on to India, were much better able to endure that climate than thoſe who were ſent out immediately. The 84th, 86th, and the other corps who had been on the Cape eſtabliſhment and duty for four or five years, loſt very few men on their arrival in India. Many of the invalids, who contract their diſorders and debilitated ſtate of health from the length of time they have reſided in Aſia, prefer the climate of the Cape to that of Europe, as much more temperate and better adapted to reſtore their conſtitutions. It is, in particular, not ſubject to the great cold and damps we experience in our winters; and the heat of the ſummer ſeaſon at the Cape is not ſo oppreſſive or inconvenient to thoſe long living within a few degrees of the equinoctial line; few alſo of thoſe malignant diſorders which attack us in Europe, are known here.

(To be continued.)

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THE Advertiſement, Introduction, and Improvement, of this animated Diſcourſe, dedicated to the Rev. Hugh Worthington, of Salters'-Hall, will give the reader an idea of its nature and tendency.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The Author in drawing up the *Sketch of the Denominations of the Chriſtian World* was not a little grieved, to perceive ſo much *falſe religion* ſtill prevailing among the profeſſors of Chriſtianity. To point out ſpecific inſtances, however, might appear an invidious taſk. In the ſubſequent pages, therefore, he wiſhes to bear his humble, though firm teſtimony, againſt the delirium of Enthuſiaſm, and the folly of Superſtition whereſoever they may be found, or by whomſoever they may happen to be cheriſhed. Proteſtants as well as Papiſts—Diſſenters as well as Churchmen, would do well to examine themſelves on this ſubject. *Intra Iliacos peccatur et extra.* It is to be lamented that the abuſes of revelation have always formed one of the ſtrongeſt holds or faſtneſſes of unbelief. Even Bolingbroke himſelf remarks, "Let us reaſon cautiouſly—pronounce modeſtly—practiſe ſincerely—and hope humbly. To do this is to be wiſe and good—and to be wiſe and good is better far than to be a philoſopher, a metaphyſician, or even a divine." Indeed, ſhould the peruſal of the following Diſcourſe promote that unaffected piety, and that ſubſtantial benevolence which conſtitute *the religion of the New Teſtament*—he would then flatter him-

ſelf that ſomething had been done by him, however ſmall, to circumſcribe the ravages and diminiſh the triumphs of infidelity.

"The Author particularly returns his thanks to a certain *Lay Gentleman* who by an extraordinary and honourable inſtance of liberality has enabled him to give this diſcourſe a more extended circulation. May his good intentions be abundantly rewarded by the participation of thoſe bleſſings which are to be derived from the belief and practice of pure and unadulterated Chriſtianity.

Pullin's Row, Iſlington,
June 1, 1804.

"2 Tim. i. 7.

"*God hath not given us the Spirit of fear, but of power, and of Love, and of a ſound mind.*

"How is it then that any rational being can ſeriouſly object to the genius of the Chriſtian religion? For what reaſon can it be urged that *the Goſpel of the grace of God* is not *worthy of all acceptation?* Under what pretext is it that ſo many individuals, who pretend to enlarged underſtandings and benevolent hearts, enroll themſelves among the advocates of Infidelity?

"Theſe words will lead us to conſider the *unhappy effects of Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition.* Thus by the delineation of falſe religion, we ſhall be able to aſcertain what is true religion—ſhewing how different they are from each other—that while the one darkens and corrupts the minds of men, the other, *coming down from the father of lights*, invigorates our underſtandings, purifies our conſciences, and prepares us for a bleſſed immortality.

"Thus have I attempted to explain the nature of enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition—ſhewing them to be, in many reſpects, diſtinct; yet, in other reſpects bearing a family likeneſs to each other, for ignorance produces the one by means of fear and the other by means of preſumption. I have alſo endeavoured to point out the *unhappy effects* with which they are attended—producing a mean and ſlaviſh diſpoſition—a levere and uncharitable temper—together with a diſorderly wildneſs and irregularity. Theſe have been ſhewn to be exactly oppoſite to the fruits of true religion, which being *the wiſdom that is from above is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle, eaſily to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocriſy.* For GOD HATH NOT GIVEN US THE SPIRIT OF FEAR, BUT OF POWER, AND OF LOVE, AND OF A SOUND MIND.*

"By way of IMPROVEMENT, permit me to offer two remarks.

"In the 1ſt place, it is our duty to examine carefully into *the religion of the Bible.*

"When the Romiſh Church became exceſſively corrupt the ſacred writings were denied the people, leſt the features of *the man of ſin* ſhould be aſcertained, and a cry raiſed againſt their deformity. This was prudently done—but it has not the praiſe of honeſty. It is an inеſtimable bleſſing that the ſacred records are in our poſſeſſion. Thus are we able to find out what is right and what is wrong—what is enthuſiaſtic and what is ſuperſtitious—what is proper to be believed and what is neceſſary to be practiſed. To know what others believe and what others have practiſed will be of little avail—to *the law and to the teſtimony*—by *the word of God* alone, ſhall we be judged at the laſt and great day of account!

"It appears from what has been advanced, that as every thing of value has its counterfeit—ſo, alſo, has religion. Are we anxious, therefore, not to be impoſed upon in worldly concerns? Let us be ſtill more anxious not to be impoſed upon in ſpiritual concerns. As much as the body is exceeded by the ſoul—as much as time ſurpaſſes eternity—ſo much the greater ought to be your deſire of acquainting yourſelves with genuine religion.

"Look then to the pages of Holy

* It is of high importance that thoſe books be peruſed by young people which impart juſt and amiable repreſentations of the Deity. The confuſed and contradictory views of religion abounding in the Chriſtian world, ariſe from the neglect of this circumſtance. On this ſubject there is a work recently publiſhed well worth attention—intended for the uſe of ſchools and families—entitled *Inſtruction for Youth, in a Series of Lectures on Moral and Religious Subjects.* By Richard Wright.

Writ. The example of JESUS duly imitated will preserve you from those extremes—enthusiasm and superstition. When THE DISCIPLES enthusiastically desired that *fire might be called down to consume the Samaritans*—HE turned and rebuked them and said, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of*—*for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.*

"When again, our Saviour was passing through a corn field on a Sabbath day, and his desciples plucked a few ears of corn to satisfy their hunger the pharisees reproved him for it, from that principle of superstition by which their conduct was characterised. But HE made a reply full of wisdom—*If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless; for the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day.* Thus did Jesus, on two memorable occasions bear *his* testimony against enthusiasm and superstition—let them never, therefore, be mistaken for genuine and unadulterated piety.

"Look also to the *apostle Paul*, brought up in the *strictest sect* of the pharisees. Upon his conversion to Christianity—his superstitious regards for the partial religion of the Jews were annihilated. He was the instrument of carrying *the tidings of salvation* beyond the confines of Judea even unto *the uttermost parts of the earth!* As to enthusiasm, he had none of that ignorance, melancholy, and vanity of which it is composed. He with all humility declares that he is *the least of the apostles—and not meet to be called an apostle.* He acknowledges that he is *the chief of sinners*, and prefers, in the strongest terms, universal benevolence to *faith* and *prophecy*, and *miracles*, and even to all the gifts with which he could be endowed, well knowing Charity to be

The *soul* of all the rest!

MILTON.

"Indeed, the religion of Christ is a spiritual law—a law of rational and manly liberty. Even the two simple and significant rites of baptism and the Lord's Supper, which certainly have been greatly abused—are only to be considered as means of our religious improvement. In this view and not considered abstract from the end for which they were instituted—will the use of them be accompanied with the divine blessing. Thus observed they will promote the increase of that *holiness without which, no man shall see the Lord.*

"The and and concluding remark is, that as *Superstition* is always used in a bad sense, so a *rational* and *scriptural Enthusiasm* is entitled to our praise and admiration.

"Enthusiasm in its innocent meaning is nothing more than the warm glow of the heart, and of the affections towards some favourite object. And what more deserving of our attachment than TRUE RELIGION? To acknowledge the existence and perfections of the one only true and living God—to recognize the mission of the Saviour, and the blessings with which his life, death, and sufferings were attended—to feel the motives which are urged towards sweetness of disposition and purity of heart—to implore the assistance of *the spirit which helpeth our infirmities*—to extend our views beyond the grave, and to realise the hope of a BLESSED IMMORTALITY—*these*, are objects on which our enthusiasm may be allowed to kindle and to burst forth into a glorious flame of benevolence and devotion;

"Passion is reason—transport
temper here!"

YOUNG.

"To spread abroad true religion by exhibiting it in its proper garb—shewing forth its real beauty in our tempers and our lives—here is scope, for a divine warmth—here is an ample sphere for our utmost exertions! There *was* a time when the Christian world, under the dominion of enthusiasm and superstition, thought the best way of shewing our religion was to arm, and leaving our occupation and families to go and rescue the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem out of the hands of infidels—

——————Straying so far to
seek,
In Golgotha him dead, who
lives in heaven!

MILTON.

"There *was* a time when the building of a church, the endowing of an alms-house, or the erection of an hospital was thought of so much value in

the eyes of heaven that the deed was deemed a ſufficient atonement for robbery, cruelty, and murder, the moſt attrocious acts that could be committed by any mortal man—there was a time when a mere outward profeſſion, an over-heated and bitter zeal, an outrageous fury for proſelytiſm, and an utter contempt for morality—offering pardon of ſin for paltry ſums of money was thought the moſt effectual way of advancing the divine glory. But bleſſed be God *theſe* times are no more! Theſe hated forms of enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition have vaniſhed with the ſhades of that dark night of popery which once overſpread our happy land! At the REFORMATION the practices already mentioned, in a great meaſure ceaſed. To that illuſtrious period of Church hiſtory we may apply the words of the prophet—*Ariſe, ſhine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee!*

"Let *us* Proteſtants demean ourſelves in a manner more ſuitable to our exalted privileges. Let religion, both as to faith and practice, be a *reaſonable ſervice*. Let us emulate each other in every thing that may be pronounced honorable or praiſe worthy to the Chriſtian character. Let us ſtrive who can be moſt diligent in the uſe of the means of grace, who can diſcover *the greateſt love for God* and *the moſt fervant love to man*. Let us endeavour to enlighten by our inſtructions and to purify by our examples the children of men. Let us become *burning and ſhining lights in the world*—burning and ſhining, not with a ſcorching flame, but with a flame which will diffuſe a ſteady and genial heat around us, ſo that others *ſeeing our good works may be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven*.

"TIME, which is ever on the wing, has brought us once more together, on this *annual* occaſion. Our moments paſs away with an incredible celerity. By every ſucceſſive day are we borne along to the end of our mortal journey. Brethren, at no very diſtant period will the tremendous realities of eternity be unveiled to your aſtoniſhed eyes! *Awake to righteouſneſs and ſin not. Be diligent in buſineſs—fervent in ſpirit—ſerving the Lord.*

"In the cultivation of this devout and benevolent temper there is no danger of exceſs. A degree of enthuſiaſm is neceſſary in our worldly profeſſion. The ſtateſman, the merchant, the man of ſcience, provided they reach to eminence, are *enthuſiaſtically* attached to the purſuits by which they are occupied. The poet, the muſician, the painter, and the ſtatuary, alſo, are expected and allowed to indulge an *enthuſiaſtic* ardour in their ſeveral profeſſions. And for this trait in their characters they are entitled to commendation. CHRISTIANS go ye and do likewiſe. Remember, *to love the Lord your God with all your hearts, and with all your ſouls, and with all your minds, and love your neighbour as yourſelves*. Fold not your arms together—recline not yourſelves on the couch of indolence, when every thing around you animate and inanimate is in motion, and thus admoniſhes to redoubled activity. No good thing ſhall be withheld from you who *walk uprightly*. And when ye reach heaven, the means of grace which are in this imperfect world ſo liable to abuſe, ſhall be done away altogether, for the ſcaffolding will be thrown down when the edifice of your SALVATION is completed. The raptures alſo which ye ſhall then indulge, will be ſuited to your improved and elevated condition—*for this mortal ſhall put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption!*

"We are *now* in a ſtate of infancy, or at beſt of childhood. Let us, in this our pupilage, proceed with caution, with modeſty, and with humility. Thus ſhall we be beſt fitted to bear, and to enjoy the full radiance of ETERNAL DAY.

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